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HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

IN

A Series of Twenty-Eight Etchings on Steel.

FROM PAINTINGS BY VARIOUS ARTISTS.

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Waverley's introduction to Flora McIvor.

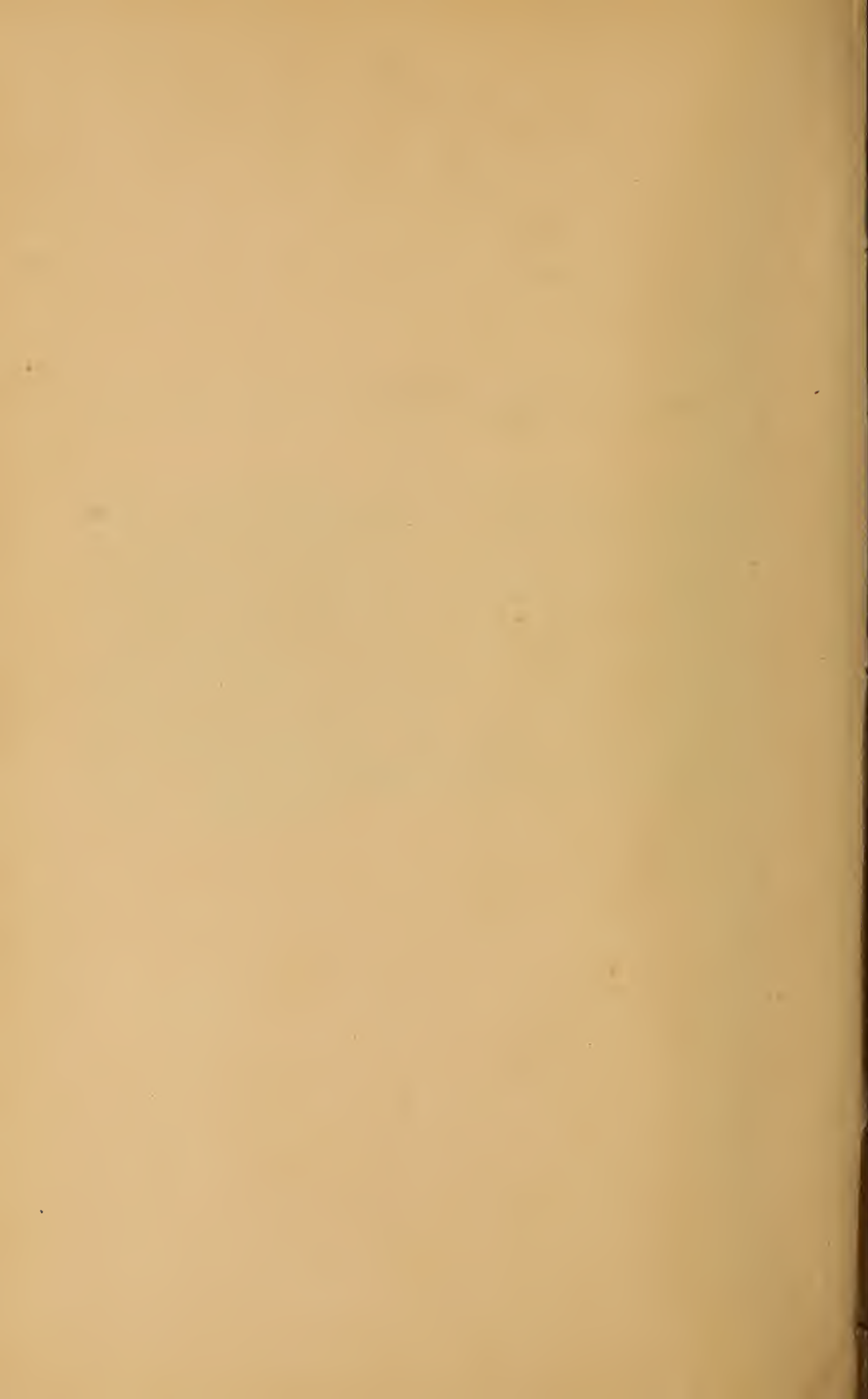
Waverley VII. I. p. 221.

London. Charles Tilt. 66. Fleet Street.

WAVERLEY'S INTRODUCTION TO FLORA MAC-IVOR.

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining, in its full dignity, the hospitality of the Chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet, richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Waverley, Vol. i. p. 221.







My. Harities between a rich Jew and

Gay Mannered VOL IV p. 32

London. Charles Tilt 65 Fleet Street 1833

MEG MERRILIES' INTERVIEW WITH BERTRAM.

THE fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked step-mother, was more decrepit probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features, marked and expressive in their own peculiar character, and to the gestures of a form, which, her sex considered, might be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the Knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between "an oak and a green holly," than Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sibyl upon the common of Ellangowan.

"For God's sake," said Julia, pulling out her purse, "give that dreadful woman something, and bid her go away."

"I cannot," said Bertram; "I must not offend her."

"What keeps you here?" said Meg, exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice; "Why do you not follow?—Must your hour call you twice?—Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial," and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned round to his terrified companions. "Excuse me for a moment; I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman."

"Good heavens! engaged to a mad woman?" said Julia.

"Or to a gipsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!" said Lucy.

"That was not spoken like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

"In short, I must go," said Bertram, "it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot."

"Five minutes?" said the gipsy, "five hours may not bring you here again."

"Do you hear that?" said Julia; "for heaven's sake do not go!"

"I must, I must—Mr. Dinmont will protect you back to the house."

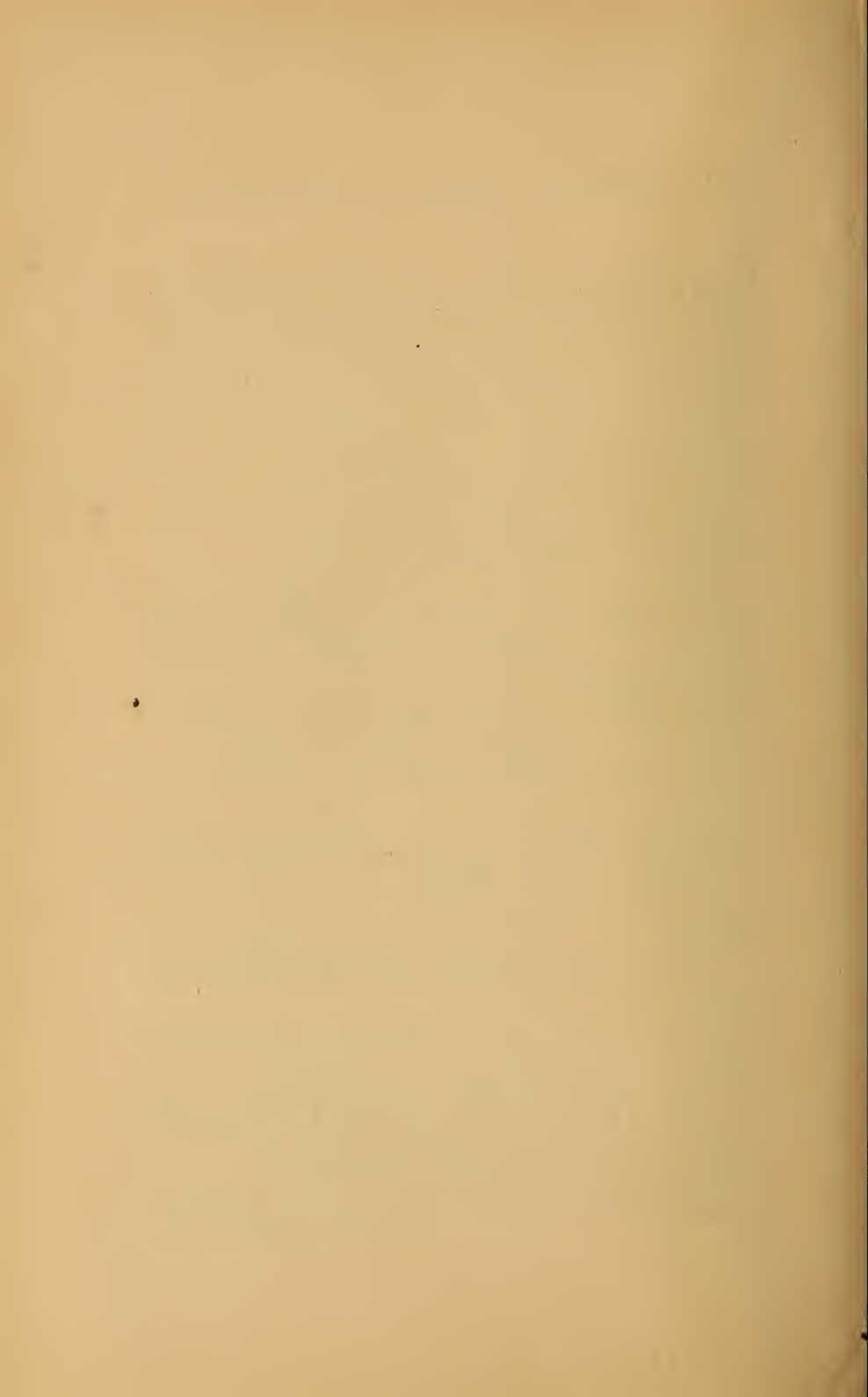
"No," said Meg, "he must come with you; it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart: and weel his part it is, for redding his quarrel might have cost you dear."

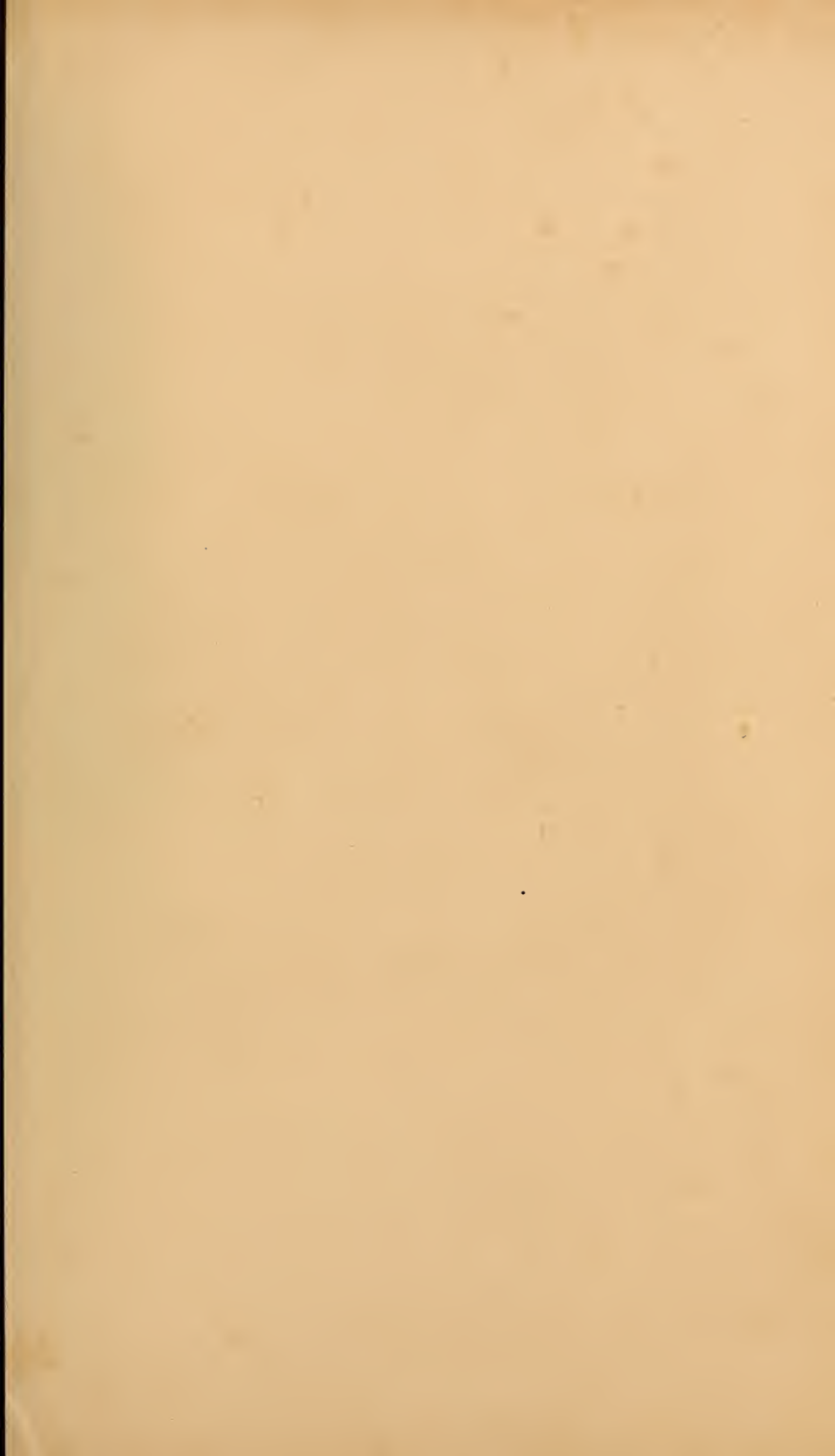
"Troth, Luckie, it's very true," said the steady farmer; and ere I turn back frae the Captain's side, I'll show that I haena forgotten't."

"O, yes," exclaimed both the ladies at once, "let Mr. Dinmont go with you, if go you must, on this strange summons."

"Indeed I must," answered Bertram, "but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time; go home as fast as you can."

Guy Mannering, Vol. iv. p. 311.







Death of a Man in the Workshop
Antiquary, N.S. VI, p. 42.

London Charles Tilt 80 Fleet Street 1845

DEATH OF ELSPETH OF THE CRAIGBURNFOOT.

"SPEAK to her, Edie," said the Antiquary, "she knows your voice, and answers to it most readily."

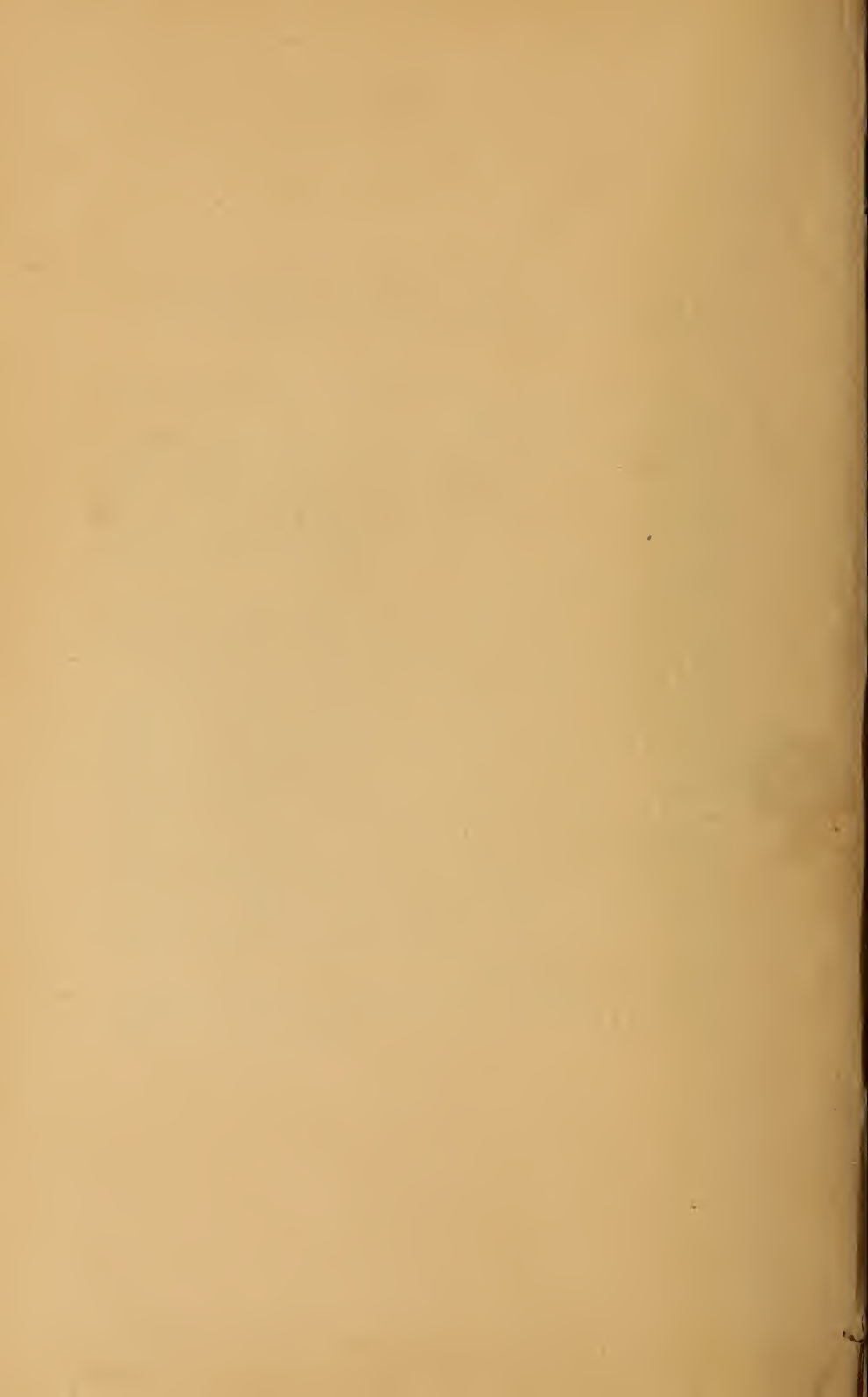
"We shall mak naething mair out o' her," said Ochiltree. "When she has clinkit hersell down that way, and faulded her arms, she winna speak a word, they say, for weeks thegither. And besides, to my thinking, her face is sair changed since we cam in. However, I'se try her ance mair to satisfy your honour.—So ye canna keep in mind, cummer, that your auld mistress, the Countess Joscelin has been removed?"

"Removed!" she exclaimed; for that name never failed to produce its usual effect upon her; "then we maun a' follow. A' maun ride when she is in the saddle—tell them to let Lord Geraldin ken we're on before them—bring my hood and scarf—ye wadna hae me gang in the carriage wi' my leddy, and my hair in this fashion?"

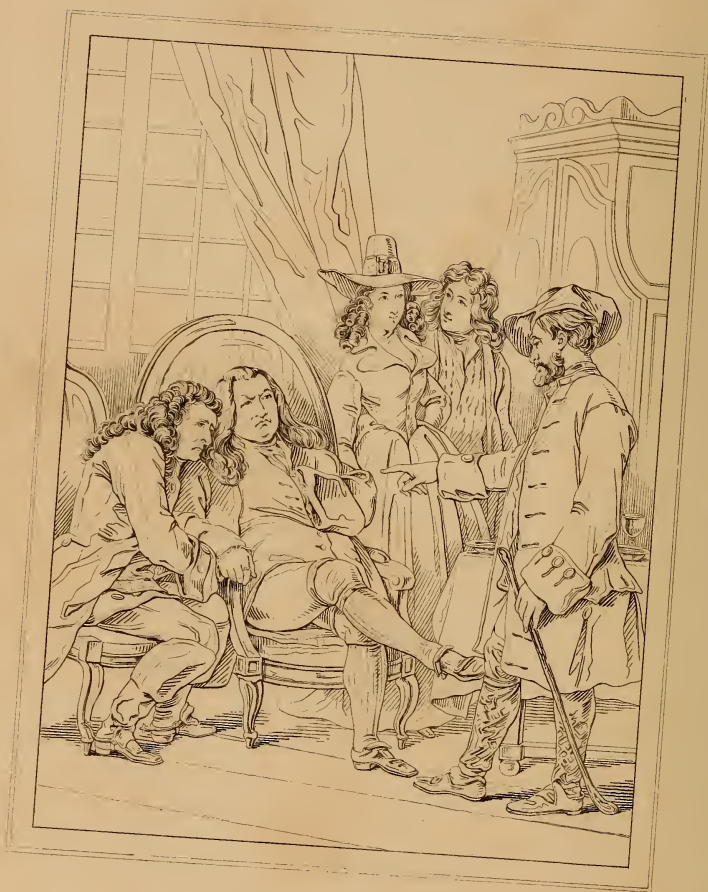
She raised her shrivelled arms, and seemed busied like a woman who puts on her cloak to go abroad, then dropped them slowly and stiffly; and the same idea of a journey still floating apparently through her head, she proceeded in a hurried and interrupted manner,—“Call Miss Neville—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin? I said Eveline Neville—not Lady Geraldin—there's no Lady Geraldin—tell her that, and bid her change her wet gown, and no' look sae pale.—Bairn! what should she do wi' a bairn?—maidens hae nane, I trow.—Teresa—Teresa—my lady calls us!—Bring a candle, the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight—We are coming, my lady!” With these words she sunk back on the settle, and from thence sidelong to the floor.

Edie ran to support her, but hardly got her in his arms, before he said, “It's a' ower, she has passed away even with that last word.”

Antiquary, Vol. vi. p. 257.







Rob Roy's visit to Justice Inglewood

Rob Roy Vol. VII. p. 124.

London. Charles Tilt 86 Fleet Street 1873.

ROB ROY'S VISIT TO JUSTICE INGLEWOOD.

MORRIS's eyes brightened up at this suggestion, and he began to hesitate forth an assurance that he thirsted for no man's blood, when I cut the proposed accommodation short, by resenting the Justice's suggestion as an insult, that went directly to suppose me guilty of the very crime which I had come to his house with the express intention of disavowing. We were in this awkward predicament, when a servant, opening the door, announced, "A strange gentleman to wait upon his honour;" and the party whom he thus described entered the room without farther ceremony.

"A stranger!" echoed the Justice,—"not upon business, I trust, for I'll be"—

His protestation was cut short by the answer of the man himself. "My business is of a nature somewhat onerous and particular," said my acquaintance, Mr. Campbell, for it was he, the very Scotchman whom I had seen at Northallerton; "and I must solicit your honour to give instant and heedful consideration to it; I believe, Mr. Morris," he added, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost ferocity—"I believe ye ken brawly what I am—I believe ye cannot have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road?" Morris's jaw dropped, his countenance became the colour of tallow, his teeth chattered, and he gave visible signs of the utmost consternation. "Take heart of grace, man," said Campbell, "and dinna sit clattering your jaws there like a pair of castanets! I think there can be nae difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice that ye have seen me of yore, and ken me to be a cavalier of fortune, and a man of honour. Ye ken fu' weel ye will be some time resident in my vicinity, when I may have the power, as I will possess the inclination, to do you as good a turn."

"Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man of honour, and, as you say, a man of fortune. Yes, Mr. Inglewood," he added, clearing his voice, "I really believe this gentleman to be so."

Rob Roy, Vol. vii. p. 124.







Muchkin's dying address to Parckhouse

Old Mortality, Vol. II, p. 367.

London Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

MUCKLEWRATH'S DYING ADDRESS TO CLAVERHOUSE.

At the moment when Grahame delivered these sentiments, his eye glancing with the martial enthusiasm which formed such a prominent feature in his character, a gory figure, which seemed to rise out of the floor of the apartment, stood upright before him, and presented the wild person and hideous features of the maniac so often mentioned. His face, where it was not covered with blood-streaks, was ghastly pale, for the hand of death was on him. He bent upon Claverhouse eyes, in which the grey light of insanity still twinkled, though just about to flit for ever; and exclaimed with his usual wildness of ejaculation, "Wilt thou trust in thy bow and in thy spear, in thy steed and in thy banner? And shalt not God visit thee for innocent blood?—Will thou glory in thy wisdom, and in thy courage, and in thy might? And shall not the Lord judge thee?—Behold the princes, for whom thou hast sold thy soul to the destroyer, shall be removed from their place, and banished to other lands, and their names shall be a desolation, and an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse. And thou, who hast partaken of the wine-cup of fury, and hast been drunken and mad because thereof, the wish of thy heart shall be granted to thy loss, and the hope of thine own pride shall destroy thee. I summon thee, John Grahame, to appear before the tribunal of God, to answer for this innocent blood, and the seas besides which thou hast shed."

He drew his right hand across his bleeding face, and held it up to heaven as he uttered these words, which he spoke very loud, and then added more faintly, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints!"

As he uttered the last word, he fell backwards without an attempt to save himself, and was a dead man ere his head touched the floor.

Old Mortality, Vol. x. p. 382.





Francis - Mary - and John - the Holy - Three

From the Bible, 1840.

London: Printed by W. B. & Co. 1840.

JEANNIE DEANS OVERTAKEN BY MADGE WILDFIRE AND HER MOTHER.

THE extensive commons on the north road, most of which are now enclosed, and in general a relaxed state of police, exposed the traveller to a highway robbery in a degree which is now unknown, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. Aware of this circumstance, Jeannie mended her pace when she heard the trampling of a horse behind, and instinctively drew to one side of the road, as if to allow as much room for the rider to pass as might be possible. When the animal came up, she found that it was bearing two women, the one placed on a side-saddle, the other on a pillion behind her, as may still occasionally be seen in England.

"A braw gude night to ye, Jeannie Deans," said the foremost female, as the horse passed our heroine; "What think ye o' yon bonny hill yonder, lifting its brow to the moon? Trow ye yon's the gate to heaven, that ye are sae fain of?—maybe we may win there the night yet, God sain us, though our minny here's rather driegh in the upgang."

The speaker kept changing her seat in the saddle, and half-stopping the horse as she brought her body round, while the woman that sate behind her on the pillion seemed to urge her on, in words which Jeannie heard but imperfectly.

"Haud your tongue, ye moon-raised b——! what is your business with——, or with heaven or hell either?"

"Troth, mither, no muckle wi' heaven, I doubt, considering wha I carry ahint me—and as for hell, it will fight its ain battle at its ain time, I'se be bound.—Come, naggie, trot awa, man, an as thou wert a broomstick, for a witch rides thee—

'With my curth on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land.'"

The tramp of the horse, and the increasing distance, drowned the rest of her song, but Jeannie heard for some time the inarticulate sounds ring along the waste.—*Heart of Mid Lothian*, Vol. xii. p. 242.



Lucy Ashlon signing the Wedding Deed.

Bride of Lammernier, Vol. 14 p. 332.

London. Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

LUCY ASHTON SIGNING THE WEDDING DEED.

It was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, and she was guided by her watchful mother to the table for that purpose. At her first attempt, she began to write with a dry pen, and when the circumstance was pointed out, seemed unable, after several attempts, to dip it in the massive silver ink-standish, which stood full before her. Lady Ashton's vigilance hastened to supply the deficiency. I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page, there is only a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is incomplete, defaced and blotted; for, while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed with a faint shriek—"He is come—he is come!"—*Bride of Lammermoor*, Vol. xiv. p. 382.



Dalgetty brought by Montrose

Legend of Montrose. Vol. 13. p. 284.

London: Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

MAJOR DALGETTY RECEIVING KNIGHTHOOD FROM MONTROSE.

“FOR you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down.”

“Kneel!” said Dalgetty; “I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front rank do indeed kneel, but only when the regiment is drawn up six file deep.”

“Nevertheless,” repeated Montrose,—“kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative.”

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him lightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying,—“In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our Sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are flying down the side of the lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount, then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty.”

“But what shall I mount?” said the new-made chevalier. “Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon.”

“That shall not be said,” answered Montrose, dismounting; “I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only, I pray you, resume the duty you discharge so well.”

With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his safe conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him with great zeal and alacrity.—*Legend of Montrose*, Vol. xv. p. 284.

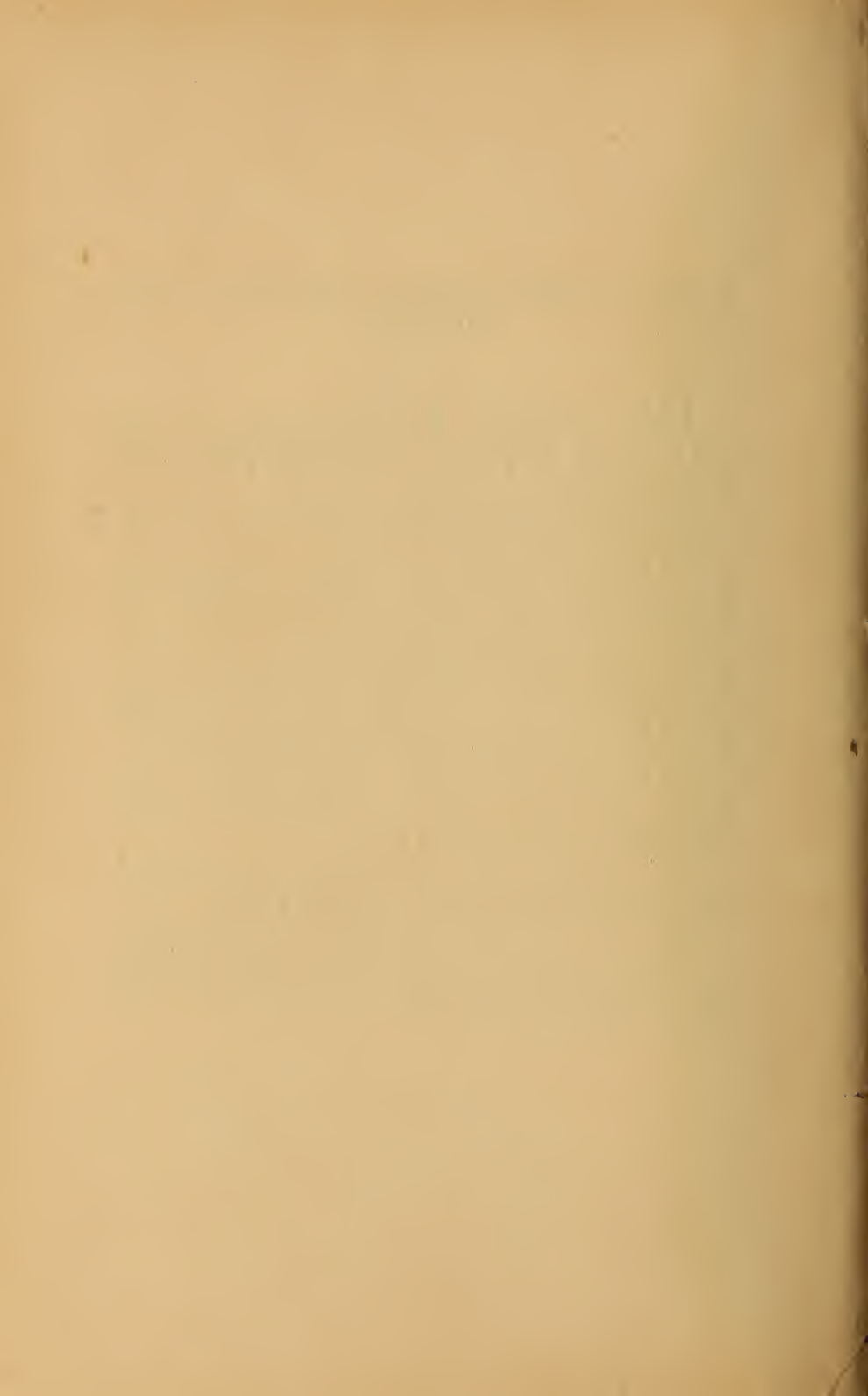






Illustration of the story of the blind men and an elephant.

London, 1846.

London, Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

ROWENA'S DISCOVERY OF IVANHOE.

ON the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor:" Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

Ivanhoe, Vol. xvi. p. 196.







*Catherine overcome by the severity of
her journey.*

Monks, 1812, p. 103.

London, Charles Tilt, 50, Fleet Street.

CATHERINE OVERCOME BY THE FEROCITY OF
JULIAN AVENEL.

THE unfortunate young woman, conceiving hopes from her tyrant's silence and apparent indecision, forgot both her fear and shame in her timid expectation that Avenel would relent; and fixing upon him her anxious and beseeching eyes, gradually drew near and nearer to his seat, till at length, laying a trembling hand on his cloak, she ventured to utter, "O noble Julian, listen to the good man."

The speech and the motion were ill-timed, and wrought on that proud and wayward spirit the reverse of her wishes.

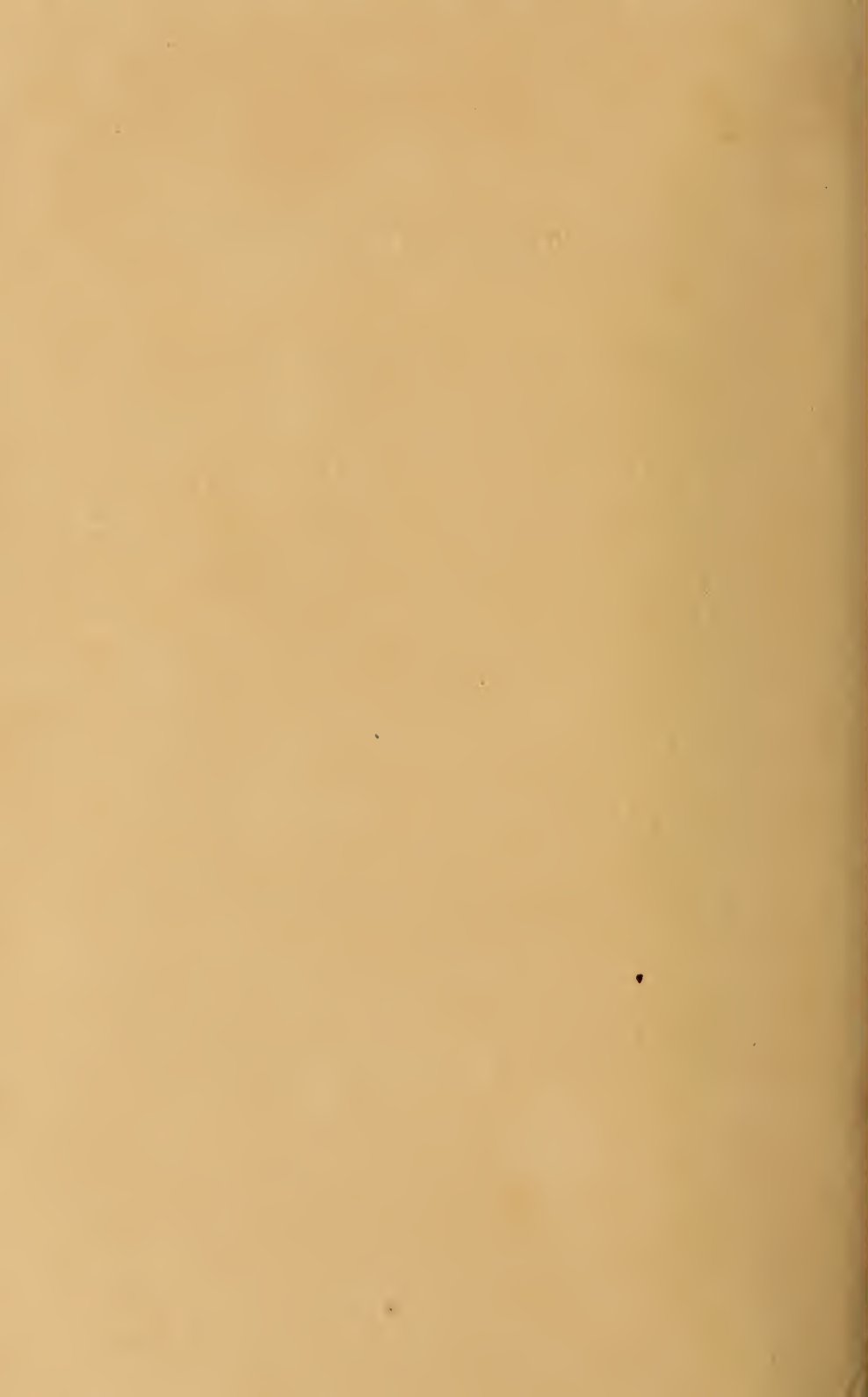
The fierce Baron started up in fury, exclaiming, "What! thou foolish callet, art thou confederate with this strolling vagabond, whom thou hast seen beard me in mine own hall! Hence with thee, and think that I am proof both to male and female hypocrisy!"

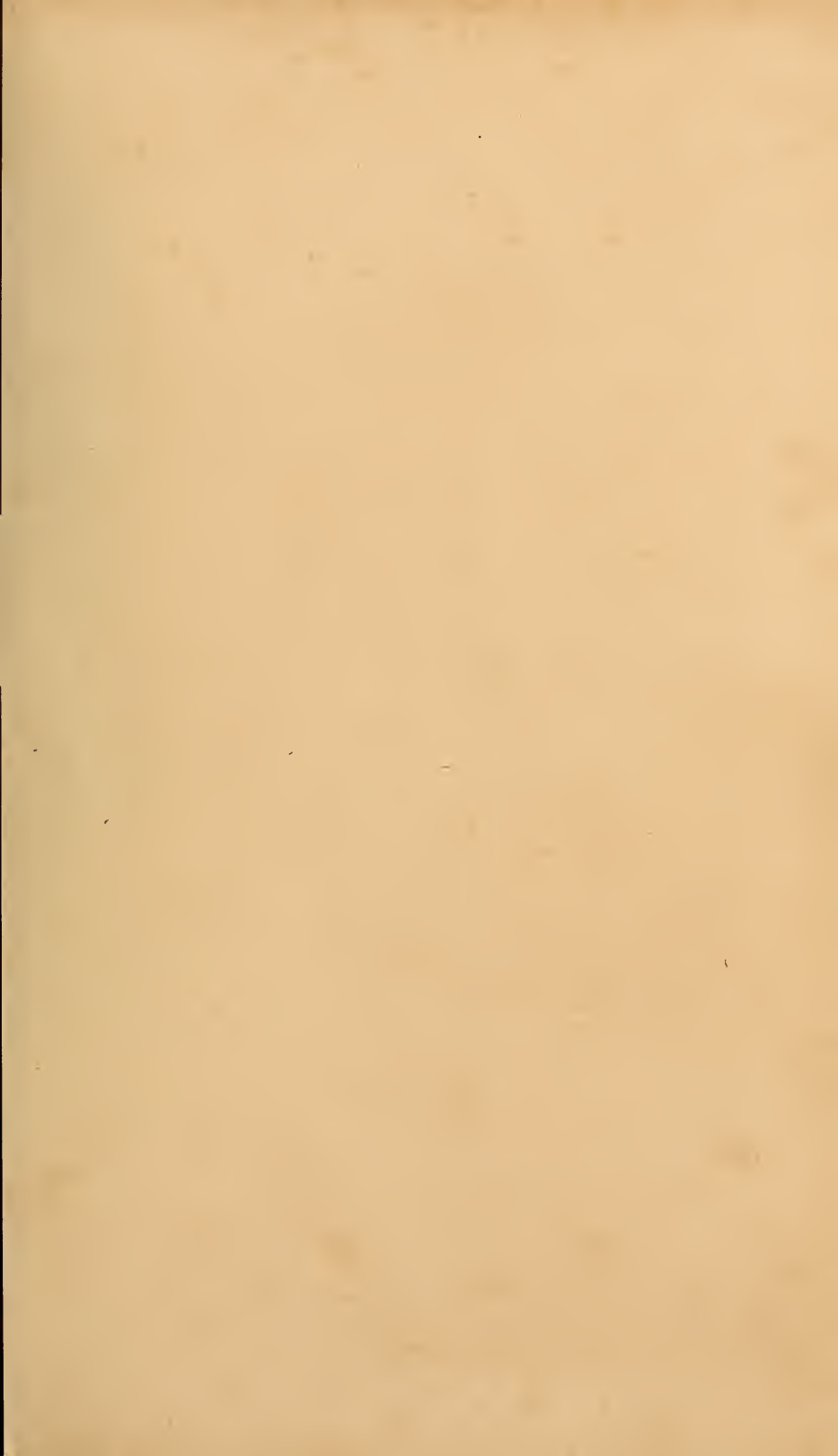
The poor girl started back, astounded at his voice of thunder and looks of fury, and, turning pale as death, endeavoured to obey his orders, and tottered towards the door. Her limbs failed in the attempt, and she fell on the stone floor in a manner which her situation might have rendered fatal—The blood gushed from her face.—Halbert Glendinning brooked not a sight so brutal, but, uttering a deep imprecation, started from his seat, and laid his hand on his sword, under the strong impulse of passing it through the body of the cruel and hard-hearted ruffian. But Christie of the Clinthill, guessing his intention, threw his arms around him, and prevented him from stirring to execute his purpose.

The impulse to such a dangerous act of violence was indeed but momentary, as it instantly appeared that Avenel himself, shocked at the effect of his violence, was lifting up and endeavouring to soothe in his own way the terrified Catherine.

"Peace," he said, "prithee, peace, thou silly minion—why, Kate, though I listen not to this tramping preacher, I said not what might happen an thou dost bear me a stout boy. There—there—dry thy tears—call thy women.—So ho!—where be those queans?—Christie—Rowley—Hutcheon—drag them hither by the hair of the head!"

Monastery, Vol. xix. p. 113.







Queen Mary in Rochester Castle.

See Atlas, Vol. 3, p. 428.

London Charles Tate, 86 Fleet Street.

QUEEN MARY IN LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

As she stepped over the threshold of her apartment, Catherine, hastily drying her tears, ran to meet her royal mistress, and having first kneeled at her feet, and kissed her hand, instantly rose, and placing herself on the other side of the Queen, seemed anxious to divide with the Lady Fleming the honour of supporting and assisting her. The page, on his part, advanced and put in order the chair of state, which she usually occupied, and having placed the cushion and footstool for her accommodation, stepped back, and stood ready for service in the place usually occupied by his predecessor, the young Seneschal. Mary's eye rested an instant on him, and could not but remark the change of persons. Hers was not the female heart which could refuse compassion, at least, to a gallant youth who had suffered in her cause, although he had been guided in his enterprise by a too presumptuous passion; and the words "Poor Douglas!" escaped from her lips, perhaps unconsciously, as she leant herself back in her chair, and put the kerchief to her eyes.

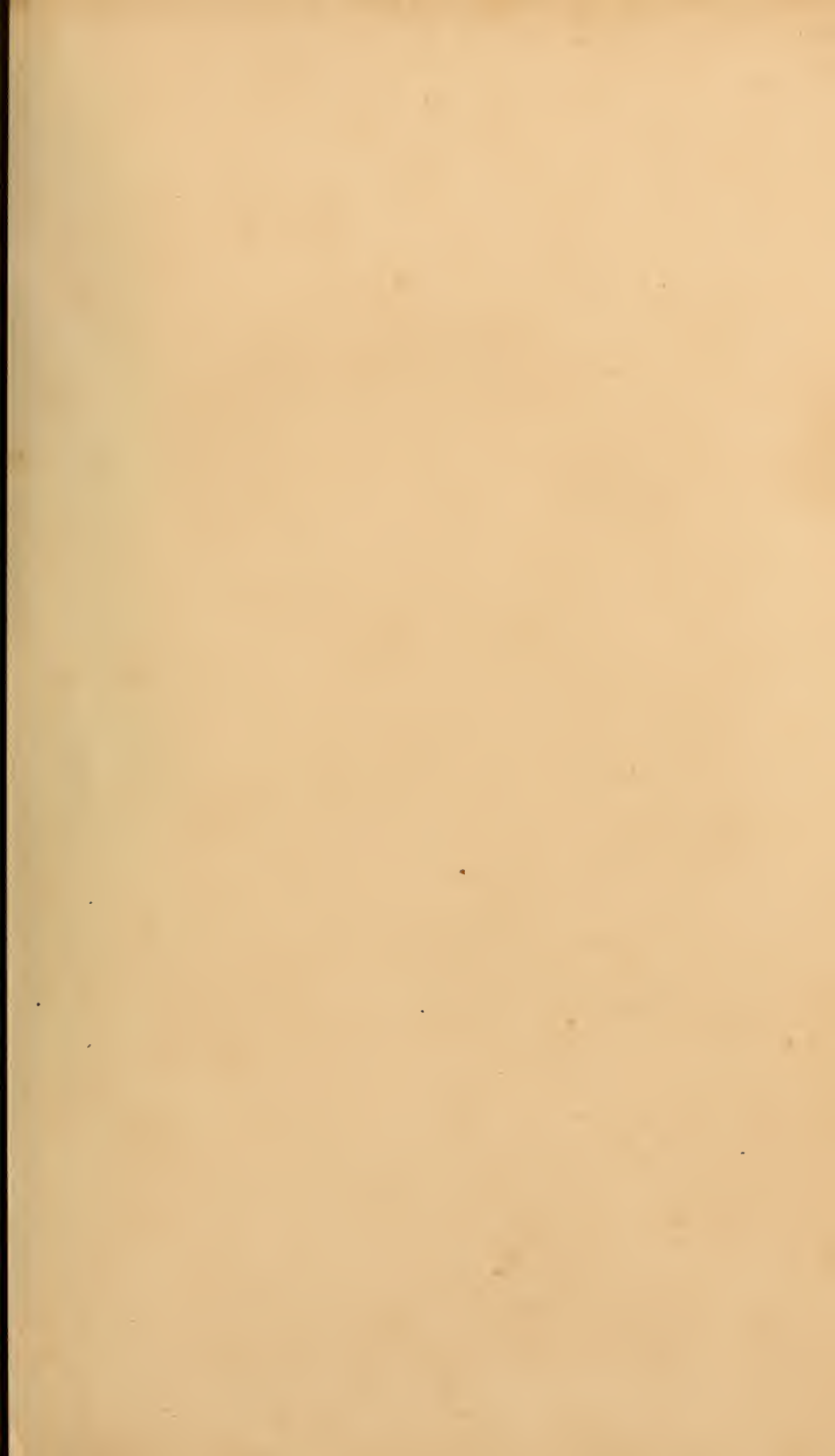
"Yes, gracious madam," said Catherine, assuming a cheerful manner, in order to cheer her sovereign, "our gallant knight is indeed banished—the adventure was not reserved for him; but he has left behind him a youthful Esquire, as much devoted to your Grace's service, and who, by me, makes you tender of his hand and sword."

"If they may in aught avail your Grace," said Roland Græme, bowing profoundly.

"Alas!" said the Queen, "what needs this, Catherine?—why prepare new victims to be involved in, and overwhelmed by, my cruel fortune?—were we not better cease to struggle, and ourselves sink in the tide without further resistance, than thus drag into destruction with us every generous heart which makes an effort in our favour?"

The Abbot, Vol. xxi. p. 198.







Amey's Belt is seeking protection from St. Ignace.

London, 1793, p. 12.

London, Charles Vint, 85, Fleet Street.

AMY ROBSART SEEKING PROTECTION FROM ELIZABETH.

FROM her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—“How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak! we command thee.”

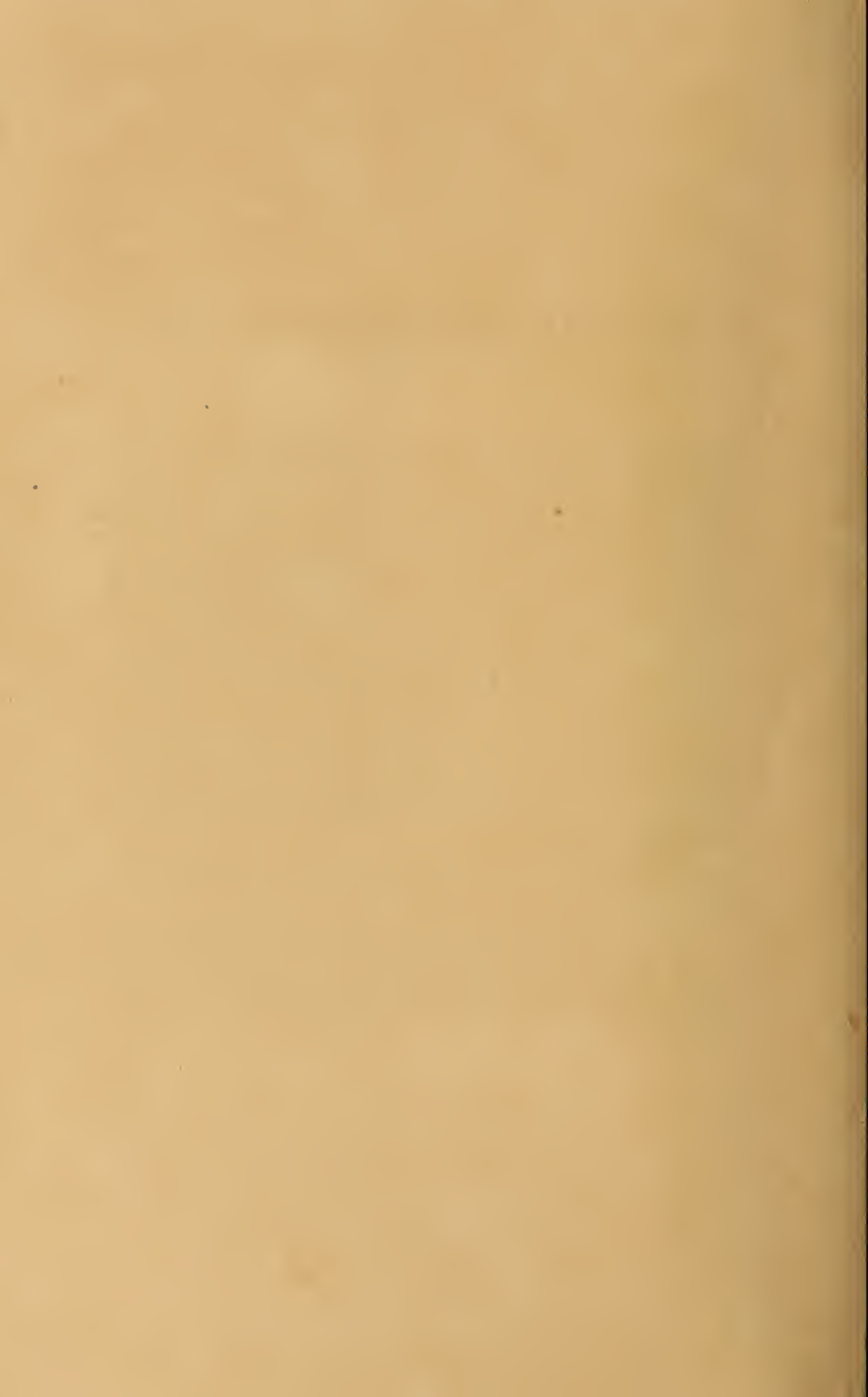
Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

“What may this mean?” she said; “this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?”

“Your protection, madam,” faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

“Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it,” replied the Queen; “but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?”

Kenilworth, Vol. xxiii. p. 262.







Minna's visit to Kernal

From the story by Mrs. W. M. F. W.

London: Charles Pitt, 25, St. James Street.

MINNA'S VISIT TO NORNA.

BRENDA, creeping as close as possible to her father, seated herself along with him upon a bench at some distance from Minna, and kept her eyes, with a mixture of fear, pity, and anxiety, closely fixed upon her. It would be difficult altogether to decipher the emotions by which this amiable and affectionate girl was agitated at the moment. Deficient in her sister's predominating quality of high imagination, and little credulous, of course, to the marvellous, she could not but entertain some vague and indefinite fears on her own account, concerning the nature of the scene which was soon to take place. But these were in a manner swallowed up in her apprehensions on the score of her sister, who, with a frame so much weakened, spirits so much exhausted, and a mind so susceptible of the impressions which all around her was calculated to excite, now sat pensively resigned to the agency of one, whose treatment might produce the most baneful effects upon such a subject.

Brenda gazed at Minna, who sat in that rude chair of dark stone, her finely formed shape and limbs marking the strongest contrast with its ponderous and irregular angles, her cheek and lips as pale as clay, and her eyes turned upward, and lighted with the mixture of resignation and excited enthusiasm, which belonged to her disease and her character. The younger sister then looked on Norna, who muttered to herself in a low monotonous manner, as, gliding from one place to another, she collected different articles, which she placed one by one on the table. And lastly, Brenda looked anxiously to her father, to gather, if possible, from his countenance, whether he entertained any part of her own fears for the consequences of the scene which was to ensue, considering the state of Minna's health and spirits. But Magnus Troil seemed to have no such apprehensions; he viewed with stern composure Norna's preparations, and appeared to wait the event with the composure of one, who, confiding in the skill of a medical artist, sees him preparing to enter upon some important and painful operation, in the issue of which he is interested by friendship or by affection.

Pirate, Vol. xxv. p. 130.



HERIOT'S DISCOVERY OF MARGARET RAMSAY.

"Ay, ay, young man," said Heriot, shaking his head, "make me believe that if you can.—To sum the matter up," he said, rising from his seat, and walking towards that occupied by the disguised female, "for our matters are now drawn into small compass, you shall as soon make me believe that this masquerading mummer, on whom I now lay the hand of paternal authority, is a French page, who understands no English."

So saying, he took hold of the supposed page's cloak, and not without some gentle degree of violence, led into the middle of the apartment the disguised fair one, who in vain attempted to cover her face, first with her mantle, and afterwards with her hands; both which impediments Master Heriot removed, something unceremoniously, and gave to view the detected daughter of the old chronologist, his own fair god-daughter, Margaret Ramsay.

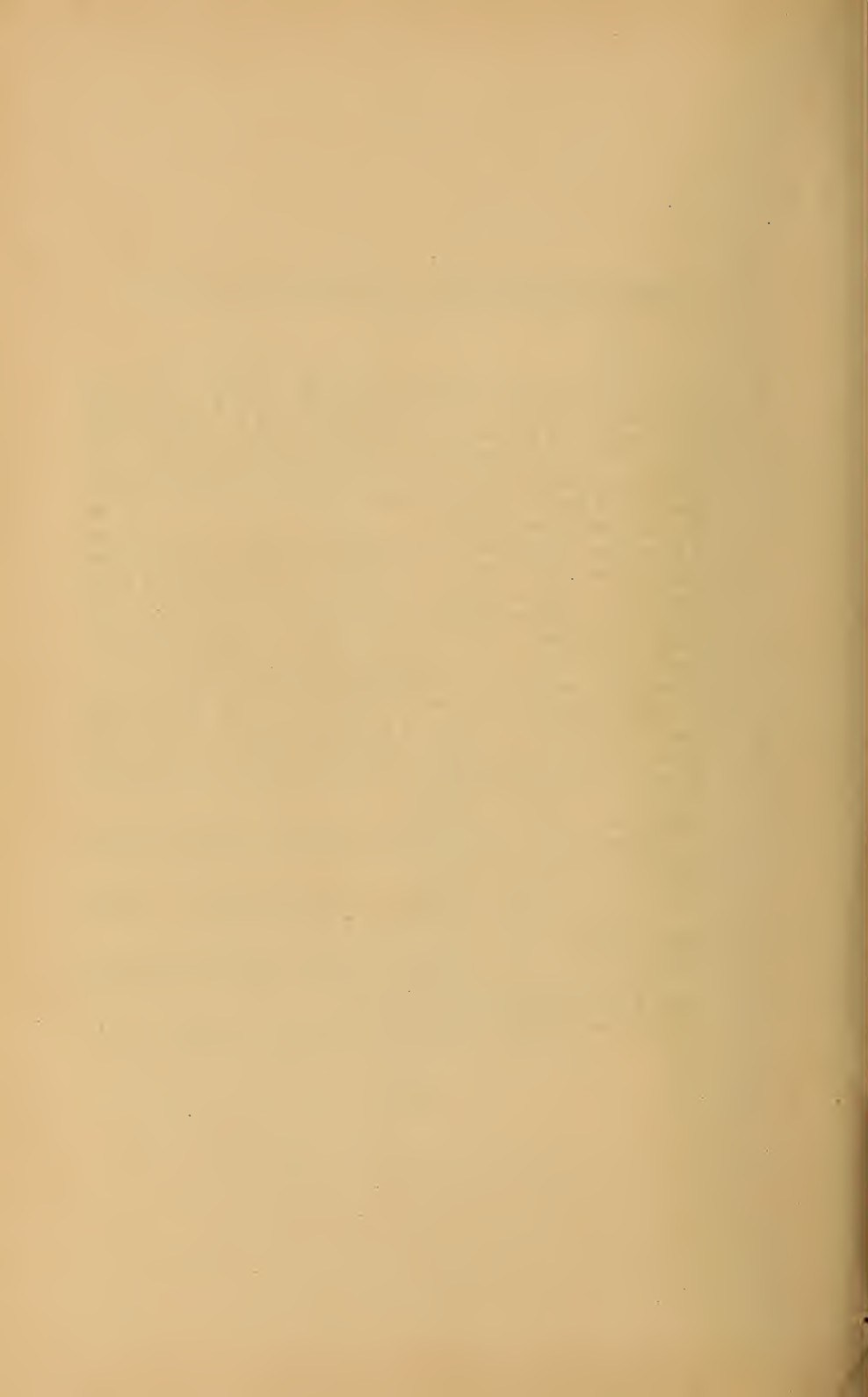
"Here is goodly gear!" he said; and, as he spoke, he could not prevent himself from giving her a slight shake, for we have elsewhere noticed that he was a severe disciplinarian.—"How comes it, minion, that I find you in so shameless a dress, and so unworthy a situation? Nay, your modesty is now mistimed—it should have come sooner. Speak, or I will"—

"Master Heriot," said Lord Glenvarloch, "whatever right you may have over this maiden elsewhere, while in my apartment she is under my protection."

"Your protection, my lord!—a proper protector!—And how long, mistress, have you been under my lord's protection? Speak out, forsooth."

"For the matter of two hours, godfather," answered the maiden, with a countenance bent to the ground, and covered with blushes, "but it was against my will."

Fortunes of Nigel, Vol. xxvii. p. 241.







Bridgenorth's visit to his child.

Perrett & the Peak Vol. 28 p. 25.

London Charles Fife 66 Fleet Street.

BRIDGENORTH'S VISIT TO HIS CHILD.

THE door of the apartment opened as she spoke, and two lovely children entered. The eldest, Julian Peveril, a fine boy betwixt four and five years old, led in his hand, with an air of dignified support and attention, a little girl of eighteen months, who rolled and tottered along, keeping herself with difficulty upright by the assistance of her elder, stronger, and masculine companion.

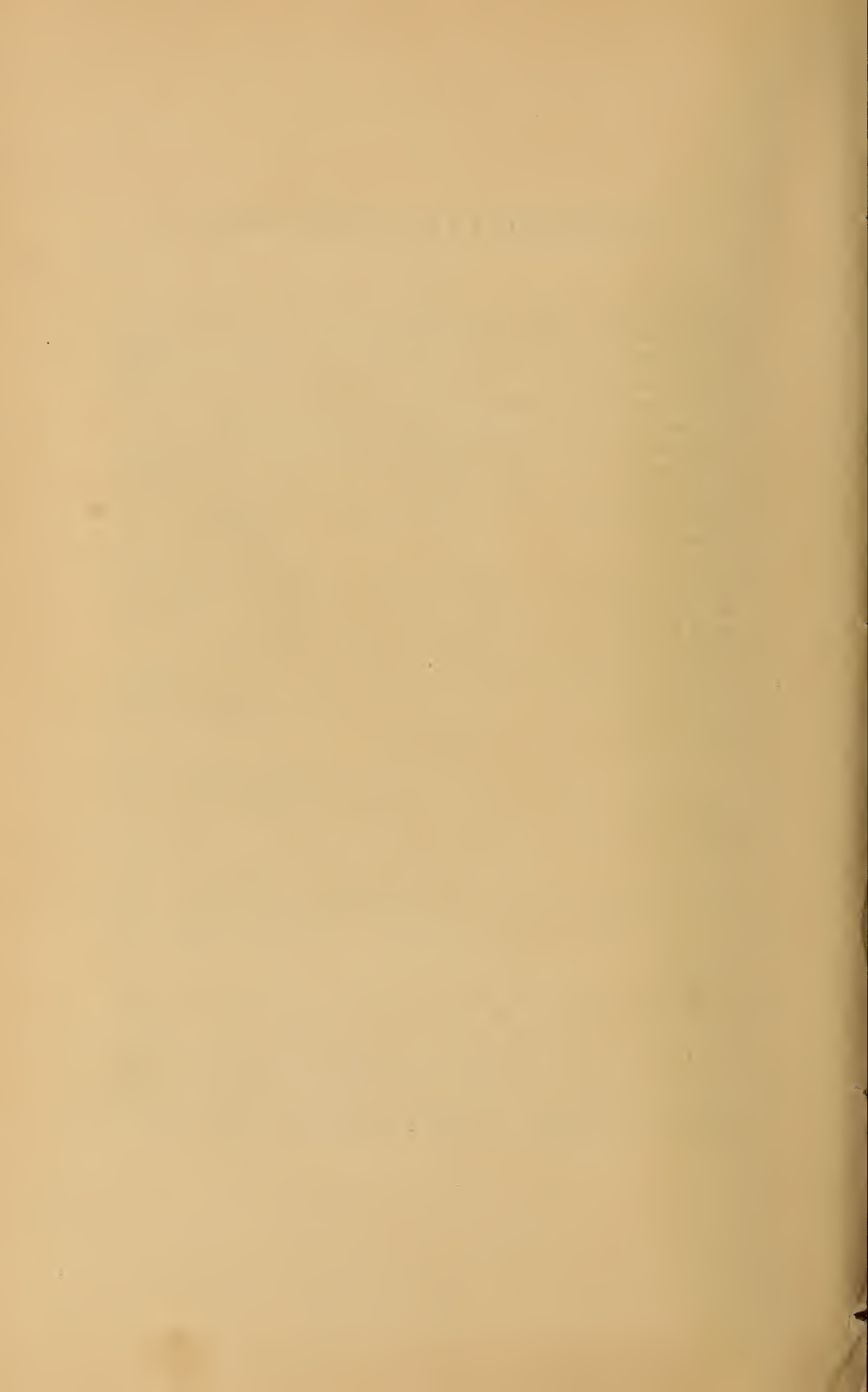
Bridgenorth cast a hasty and fearful glance upon the countenance of his daughter, and, even in that glimpse, perceived, with exquisite delight, that his fears were unfounded. He caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and the child, though at first alarmed at the vehemence of his caresses, presently as if prompted by Nature, smiled in reply to them. Again he held her at some distance from him, and examined her more attentively; he satisfied himself that the complexion of the young cherub he had in his arms was not the hectic tinge of disease, but the clear hue of ruddy health; and that, though her little frame was slight, it was firm and springy.

"I did not think it could have been thus," he said, looking to Lady Peveril, who had sat observing the scene with great pleasure; "but praise be to God in the first instance, and next, thanks to you, madam, who have been his instrument."

"Julian must lose his playfellow now, I suppose?" said the lady; "but the hall is not distant, and I will see my little charge often. Dame Martha, the housekeeper at Moultrassie, has sense, and is careful. I will tell her the rules I have observed with little Alice, and" —

"God forbid my girl should ever come to Moultrassie," said Major Bridgenorth, hastily; "it has been the grave of her race. The air of the low grounds suited them not—or there is perhaps a fate connected with the mansion. I will seek for her some other place of abode."

"That you shall not, under your favour be it spoken, Major Bridgenorth," answered the lady. "If you do so, we must suppose that you are undervaluing my qualities as a nurse. If she goes not to her father's house, she shall not quit mine. I will keep the little lady as a pledge of her safety and my own skill; and since you are afraid of the damp of the low grounds, I hope you will come here frequently to visit her." *Peveril of the Peak*, Vol. xxiii. p. 23.







From the challenge to Bellingmont.

(From the original manuscript.)

London: Printed by W. B. Whittaker, 1811.

PEVERIL'S CHALLENGE TO BRIDGENORTH.

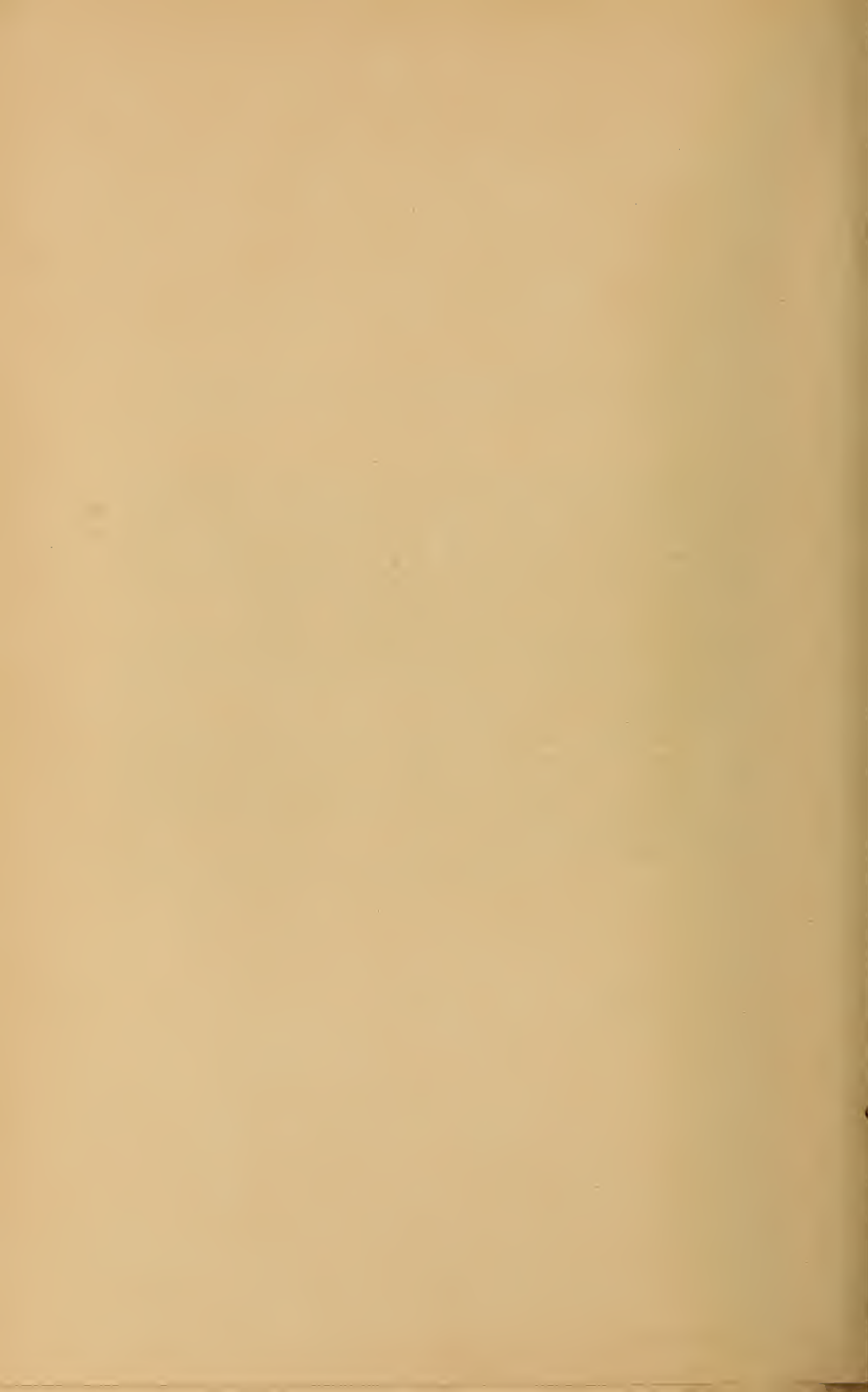
So saying, he took his sheathed rapier from his belt, and passing the point through the silk thread which secured the letter, he once more, and literally at sword point, gracefully tendered it to Major Bridgenorth, who again waved it aside, though colouring deeply at the same time, as if he was putting a marked constraint upon himself—drew back, and made Sir Jasper Cranbourne a deep bow.

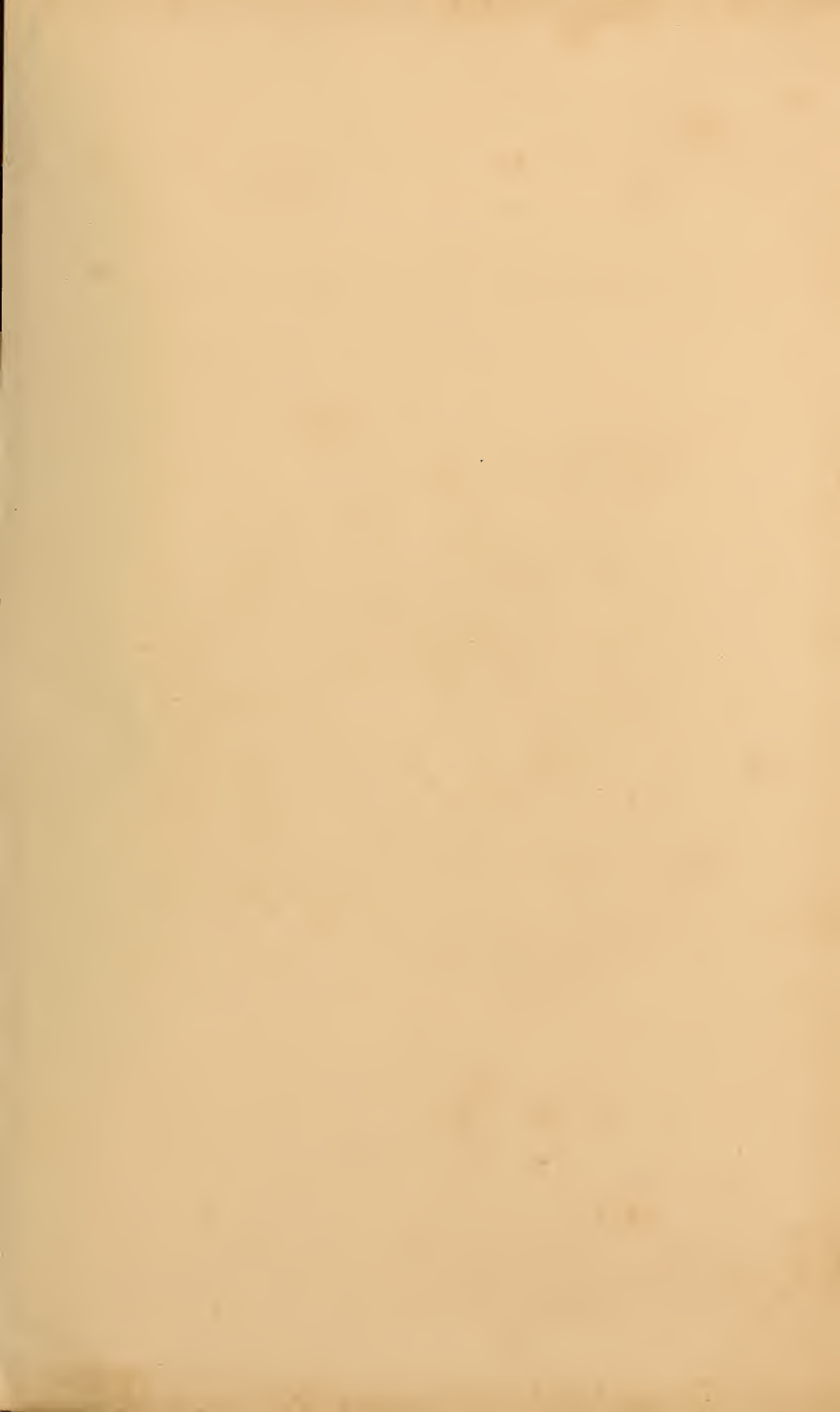
“Since it is to be thus,” said Sir Jasper, “I must myself do violence to the seal of Sir Geoffrey’s letter, and read it to you, that I may fully acquit myself of the charge intrusted to me, and make you, Master Bridgenorth, equally aware of the generous intentions of Sir Geoffrey on your behalf.”

“If,” said Major Bridgenorth, “the contents of the letter be to no other purpose than you have intimated, methinks farther ceremony is unnecessary on this occasion, as I have already taken my course.”

“Nevertheless,” said Sir Jasper, breaking open the letter, “it is fitting that I read to you the letter of my worshipful friend.” And he read accordingly as follows.

Peveril of the Peak, Vol. xxiii. p. 160.







his entertainment of Cressacore.

Geoffrey Howard, Vol. II. p. 24.

London: Printed by T. H. 68. Fleet Street.

LOUIS' ENTERTAINMENT OF CREVECŒUR.

AFTER several turns and passages, the King entered a small vaulted room, where a table was prepared for dinner with three covers. The whole furniture and arrangements of the room were plain almost to meanness. A beaufet, or folding and moveable cupboard, held a few pieces of gold and silver plate, and was the only article in the chamber which had, in the slightest degree, the appearance of royalty. Behind this cupboard, and completely hidden by it, was the post which Louis assigned to Quentin Durward; and after having ascertained, by going to different parts of the room, that he was invisible from all quarters, he gave him his last charge—"Remember the word, *Ecosse, en avant*; and so soon as ever I utter these sounds, throw down the screen—spare not for sup or goblet, and be sure thou take good aim at Crèveçœur.—If thy piece fail, cling to him, and use thy knife—Oliver and I can deal with the Cardinal."

Having thus spoken, he whistled aloud, and summoned into the apartment Oliver, who was premier-valet of the chamber as well as barber, and who, in fact, performed all offices immediately connected with the King's person, and who now appeared, attended by two old men, who were the only assistants or waiters at the royal table. So soon as the King had taken his place, the visitors were admitted; and Quentin, though himself unseen, was so situated as to remark all the particulars of the interview.

Quentin Durward, Vol. xxxi. p. 201.







Montbragg's interview with his Sisters.

St. Roman's Well, Vol. 34, p. 200.

London Charles Fife 86, Fleet Street.

MOWBRAY'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS SISTER.

THE passions of Mowbray, at all times ungovernably strong, were at present inflamed by wine, by his rapid journey, and the previously disturbed state of his mind. He set his teeth, clenched his hands, looked on the ground, as one that forms some horrid resolution, and muttered almost unintelligibly, "It were charity to kill her!"

"Oh! no—no—no!" exclaimed the terrified girl, throwing herself at his feet; "Do not kill me, brother! I have wished for death—thought of death—prayed for death—but oh! it is frightful to think that he is near—Oh! not a bloody death, brother, nor by your hand!"

She held him close by the knees as she spoke, and expressed, in her looks and accents, the utmost terror. It was not, indeed, without reason; for the extreme solitude of the place, the violent and inflamed passions of her brother, and the desperate circumstances to which he had reduced himself, seemed all to concur to render some horrid act of violence not an improbable termination of this strange interview.

Mowbray folded his arms, without unclenching his hands, or raising his head, while his sister continued on the floor, clasping him round the knees with all her strength, and begging piteously for her life and for mercy.

"Fool!" he said, at last, "let me go!—Who cares for thy worthless life?—who cares if thou live or die? Live, if thou canst—and be the hate and scorn of every one else, as much as thou art mine!"

St. Ronan's Well, Vol. xxxiv. p. 288.







Interview of Latimer and Mrs. Faldes.

Redgauntlet, Vol. II. p. 161.

London, Charles Tilt, 36, Fleet Street.

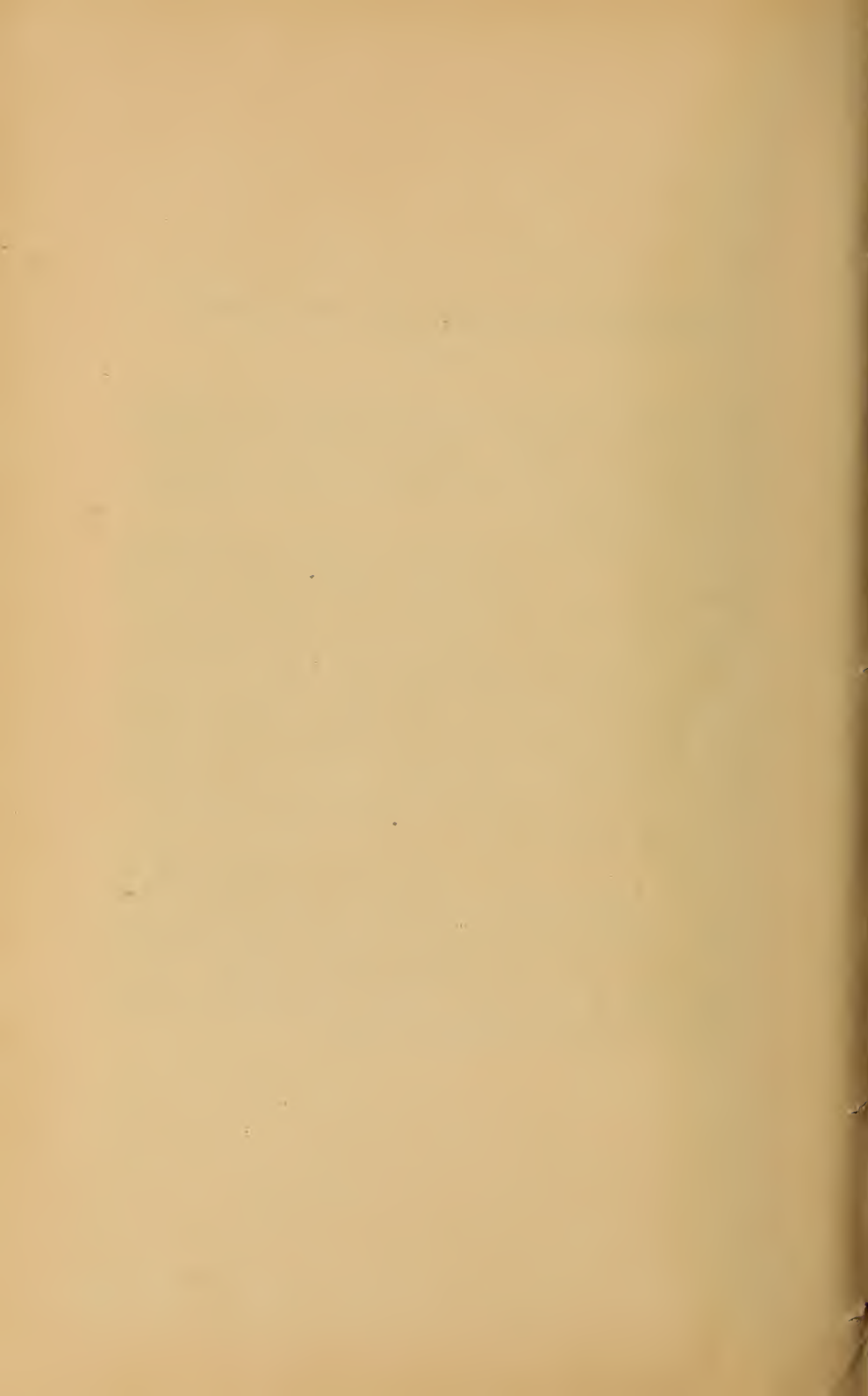
INTERVIEW OF LATIMER AND MISS GEDDES.

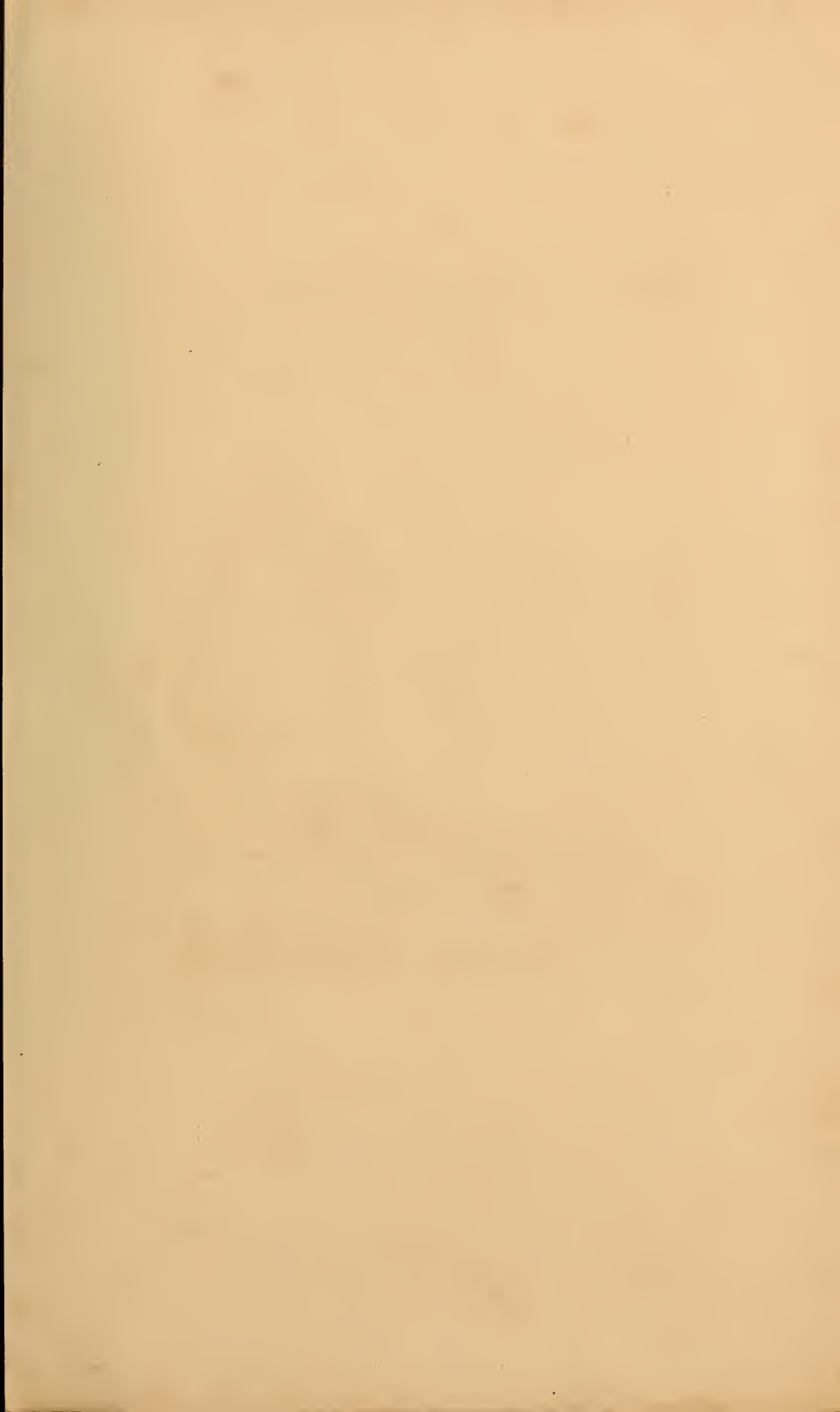
THE quiet and twilight seclusion of this walk rendered it a fit scene for confidential communing; and having nothing more interesting to say to my fair Quaker, I took the liberty of questioning her about the Laird; for you are, or ought to be, aware, that next to discussing the affairs of the heart, the fair sex are most interested in those of their neighbours.

I did not conceal either my curiosity, or the check which it had received from Joshua, and I saw that my companion answered with embarrassment. "I must not speak otherwise than truly," she said: "and therefore I tell thee, that my brother dislikes, and that I fear, the man of whom thou hast asked me. Perhaps we are both wrong—but he is a man of violence, and hath great influence over many, who, following the trade of sailors and fishermen, become as rude as the elements with which they contend. He hath no certain name among them, which is not unusual, their rude fashion being to distinguish each other by nicknames; and they have called him the Laird of the Lakes, (not remembering there should be no one called Lord, save one only), in idle derision; the pools of salt water left by the tide among the sands being called the Lakes of Solway."

"Has he no other revenue than he derives from these sands?" I asked.

"That I cannot answer," replied Rachel; "men say that he wants not money, though he lives like an ordinary fisherman, and that he imparts freely of his means to the poor around him. They intimate that he is a man of consequence, once deeply engaged in the unhappy affair of the rebellion, and even still too much in danger from the government to assume his own name. He is often absent from his cottage at Broken-burn-cliffs, for weeks and months."—*Redgauntlet*, Vol. xxxv. p. 201.







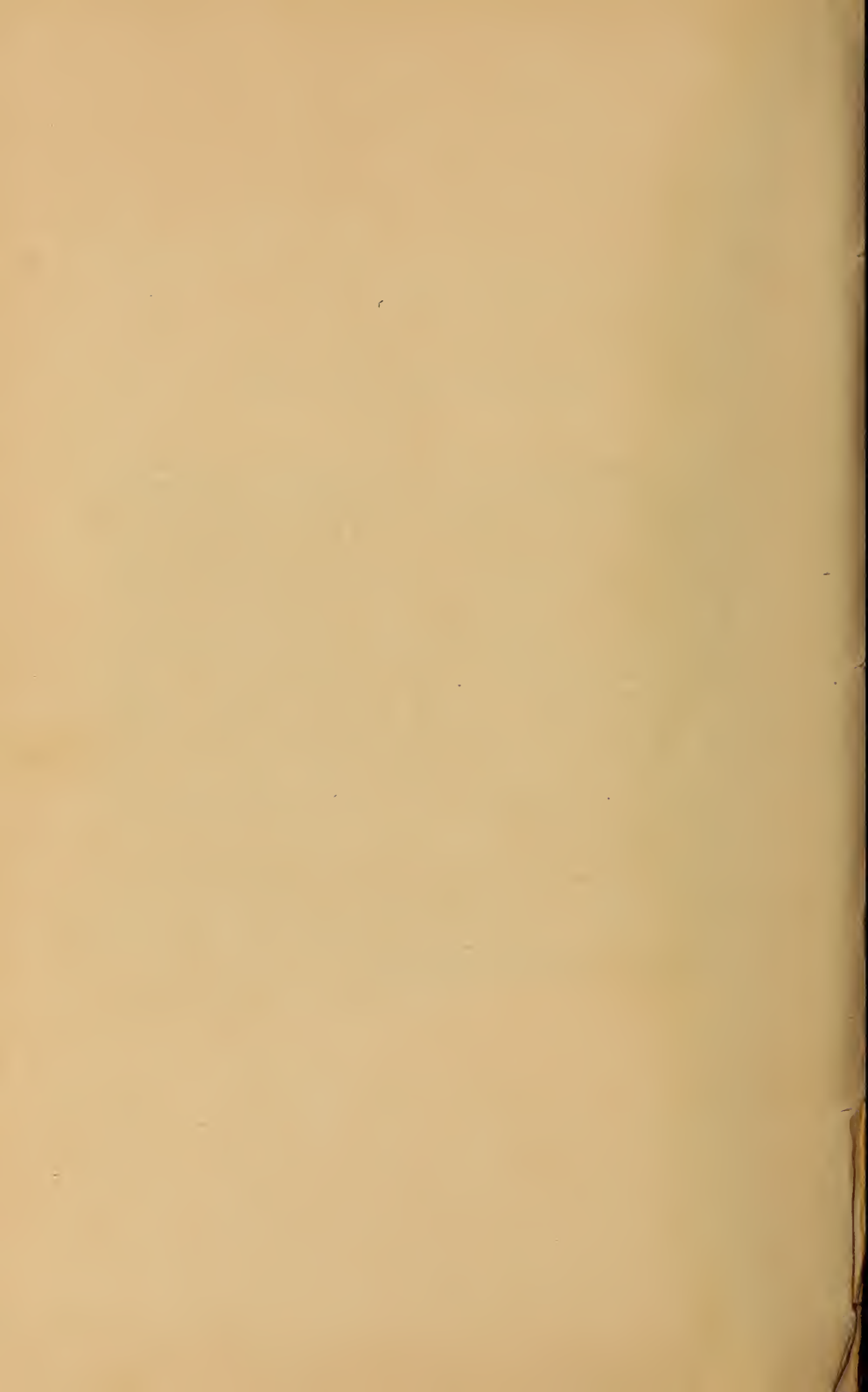
Damian De Lacy wounded.

The Betrothed 1838 p. 206

DAMIAN DE LACY WOUNDED.

WITH garments rent and soiled through the violence she had sustained; with dishevelled hair, and disordered dress; faint from the stifling effect of her confinement, and exhausted by the efforts she had made to relieve herself, Eveline did not, nevertheless, waste a single minute in considering her own condition; but, with the eagerness of a sister hastening to the assistance of her only brother, betook herself to examine the several severe wounds of Damian de Lacy, and to use proper means to stanch the blood and recall him from his swoon. We have said elsewhere, that, like other ladies of the time, Eveline was not altogether unacquainted with the surgical art, and she now displayed a greater share of knowledge than she had been thought capable of exerting. There was prudence, foresight, and tenderness, in every direction which she gave, and the softness of the female sex, with their officious humanity, ever ready to assist in alleviating human misery, seemed in her enhanced, and rendered dignified, by the sagacity of a strong and powerful understanding. After hearing with wonder for a minute or two the prudent and ready-witted directions of her mistress, Rose seemed at once to recollect that the patient should not be left to the exclusive care of the Lady Eveline, and joining, therefore, in the task, she rendered what assistance she could, while the attendants were employed in forming a litter, on which the wounded knight was to be conveyed to the castle of the Garde Doloureuse.

The Betrothed, Vol. xxxviii. p. 356.







Death of the Templar.

Talisman, Vol. 38, p. 465.

London, Charles Vix, 36, Fleet Street.



The story of the blind men and an elephant.

Woodcut. Vol. 32. p. 1.

London. Charles T. Atterbury, Fleet Street.

they
and admittance,
he pressed the door at once with
which the frail barrier was unable to resist ;
accordingly, and the knight thus forcibly entered the
in, or outward apartment, of his servant. In the midst of the
floor, and with a posture which indicated embarrassment, stood a
youthful stranger, in a riding suit.

" This may be my last act of authority here," said the knight, seizing the stranger by the collar, " but I am still ranger of Woodstock for this night at least—Who, or what art thou ?"

The stranger dropped the riding-mantle in which his face was muffled, and at the same time fell on one knee.

" Your poor kinsman, Markham Everard," he said, " who came hither for your sake, although he fears you will scarce make him welcome for his own."

Sir Henry started back ; but recovered himself in an instant, as one who recollected that he had a part of dignity to perform. He stood erect, therefore, and replied, with considerable assumption of stately ceremony :

" Fair kinsman, it pleases me that you are come to Woodstock upon the very first night that, for many years which have past, is likely to promise you a worthy or a welcome reception."

" Now God grant it be so, that I rightly hear and duly understand you !" said the young man ; while Alice, though she was silent, kept her looks fixed on her father's face, as if desirous to know whether his meaning was kind towards his nephew, which her knowledge of his character inclined her greatly to doubt.

Woodstock, Vol. xxxix. p. 81.

SIR HENRY LEE STARTLED BY THE PRESENCE OF HIS NEPHEW.

THE knight advanced to the entrance ; but the ingenuity of the architect, for want of a better lock to the door, which itself was but of wattles curiously twisted, had contrived a mode of securing the latch on the inside with a pin, which prevented it from rising ; and in this manner it was at present fastened. Conceiving that this was some precaution of Joliffe's old housekeeper, of whose deafness they were all aware, Sir Henry raised his voice to demand admittance, but in vain. Irritated at this delay, he pressed the door at once with foot and hand, in a way which the frail barrier was unable to resist ; it gave way accordingly, and the knight thus forcibly entered the kitchen, or outward apartment, of his servant. In the midst of the floor, and with a posture which indicated embarrassment, stood a youthful stranger, in a riding suit.

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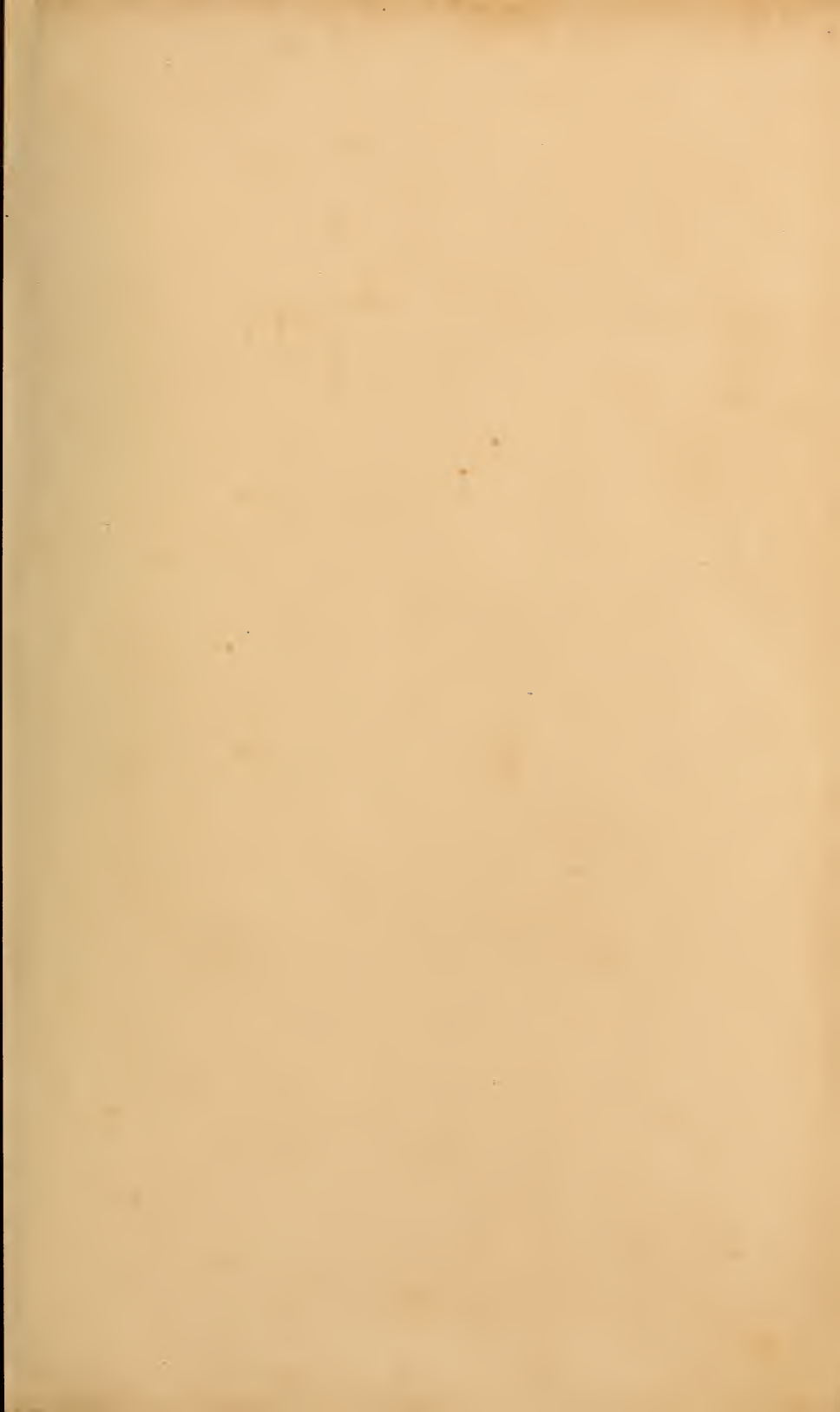
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Woodstock, Vol. xxxix. p. 81.







Duke seeking rest, dies, from the Duke of Exeter.

Fair Maid of Perth. Vol. IV. p. 220.

London Charles VII. of France.

LOUISE SEEKING PROTECTION FROM THE DUKE OF ROTHSAY.

THE Duke of Rothsay sprung from his saddle to the ground, and was dashing into the palace like a greyhound, when a feeble grasp was laid on his cloak, and the faint voice of a kneeling female exclaimed, "Protection, my noble Prince!—Protection for a helpless stranger!"

"Hands off, stroller!" said the Earl of March, thrusting the suppliant glee-maiden aside.

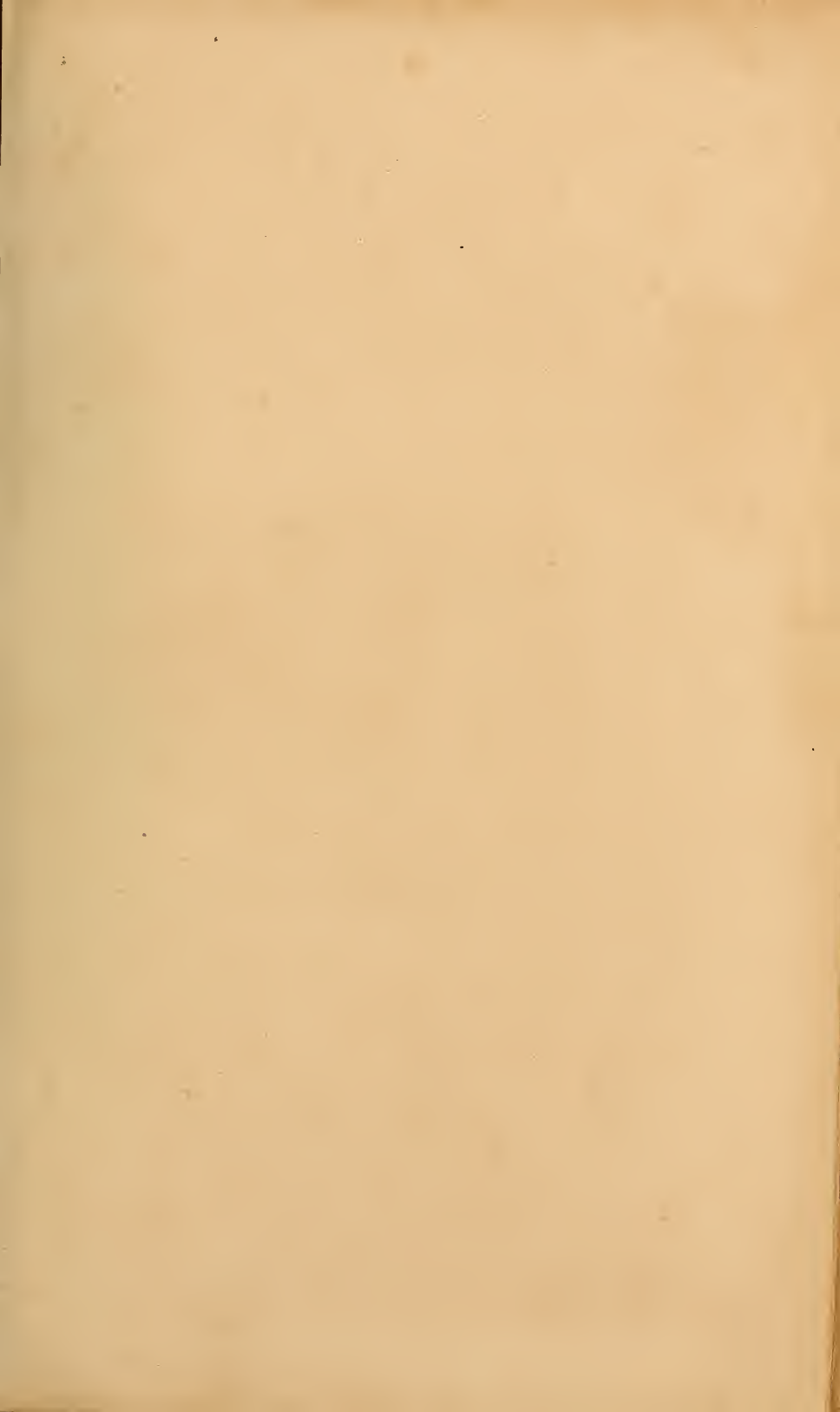
But the gentler Prince paused. "It is true," he said, "I have brought the vengeance of an unforgiving devil upon this helpless creature. O Heaven! what a life is mine, so fatal to all who approach me!—What to do in the hurry?—She must not go to my apartments—And all my men are such born reprobates.—Ha! thou at mine elbow, honest Harry Smith? What dost thou here?"

"There has been something of a fight, my lord," answered our acquaintance the Smith, "between the townsmen and the Southland loons who ride with the Douglas; and we have swung them as far as the Abbey-Gate."

"I am glad of it—I am glad of it. And you beat the knaves fairly?"

"Fairly, does your Highness ask?" said Henry. "Why, ay! We were stronger in numbers, to be sure; but no men ride better armed than those who follow the Bloody Heart. And so in a sense we beat them fairly; for as your Highness knows, it is the Smith who makes the man-at-arms, and men with good weapons are a match for great odds." *Fair Maid of Perth*, Vol. xliii. p. 225.







*The Trial of St. Bartholomew's Martyrs
with the Emperor.*

After the original in the Vatican.

LONDON, Charles Fife, 86, Finsbury Street.

THE PRIEST OF ST. PAUL'S REMONSTRATING WITH
DE HAGENBACH.

"Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates," replied the Governor, and bring the keys hither. There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose."

"They will grumble," said Kilian. "They say, that not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impliged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service."

"They lie; the cowardly slaves," answered De Hagenbach. "If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for any thing save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families."

A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture,—“I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not—yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found.”

Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encountered the dark and ominous looks of the Priest of Saint Paul's, dressed in the vestments of his order.

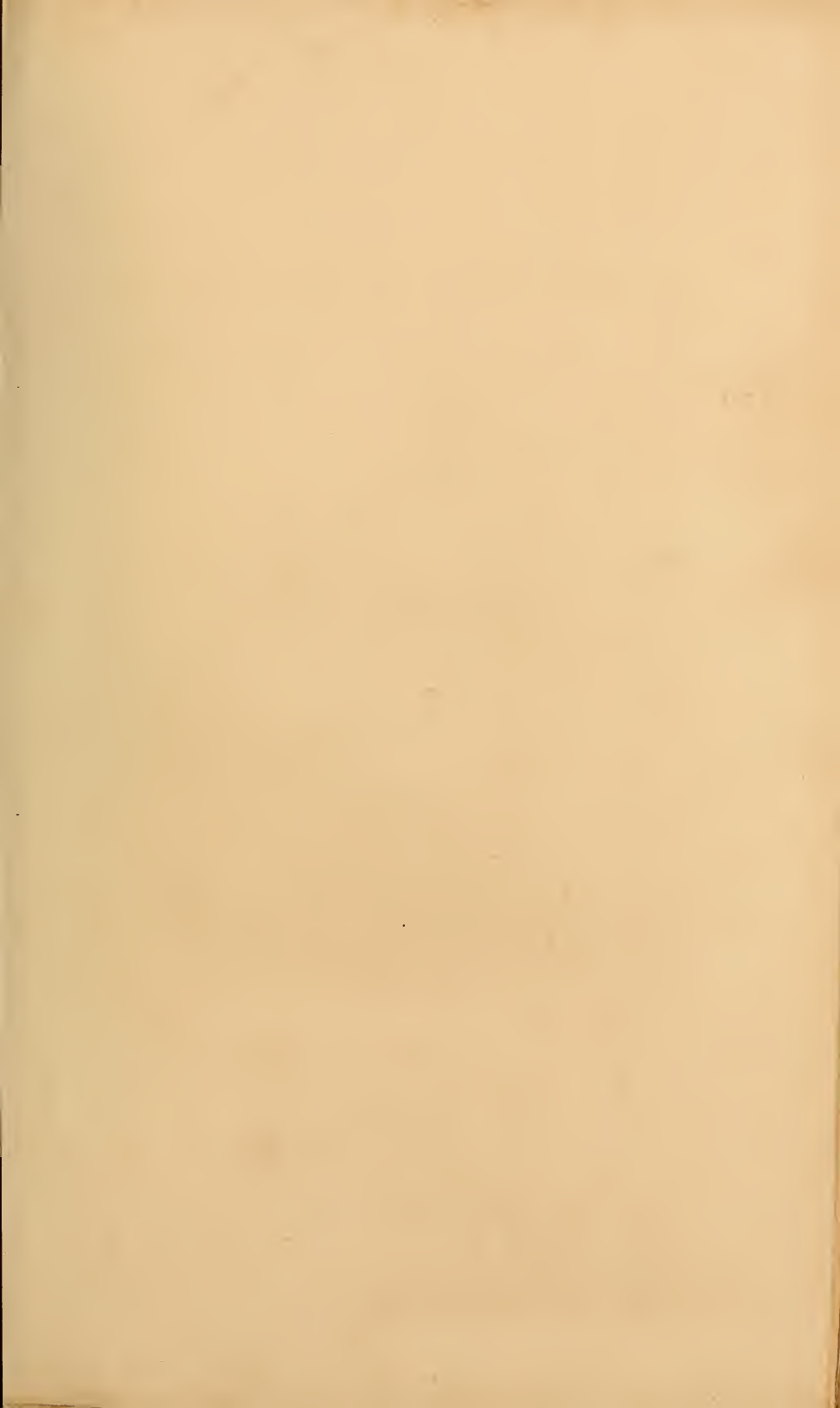
"We are busy, father," said the Governor, "and will hear your preachment another time."

"I come by your summons, Sir Governor," said the priest, "or I had not intruded myself where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good."

"O, I crave your mercy, reverend father," said De Hagenbach. "Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and Saint Paul, in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno*."

Anne of Geierstein, Vol. xliv. p. 259.







The visit of Alexius to Wood.

Cut by Robert de Paris. Vol. VI. p. 118.

London, Charles Filt & Co. Print. Socy.

THE VISIT OF ALEXIUS TO URSEL.

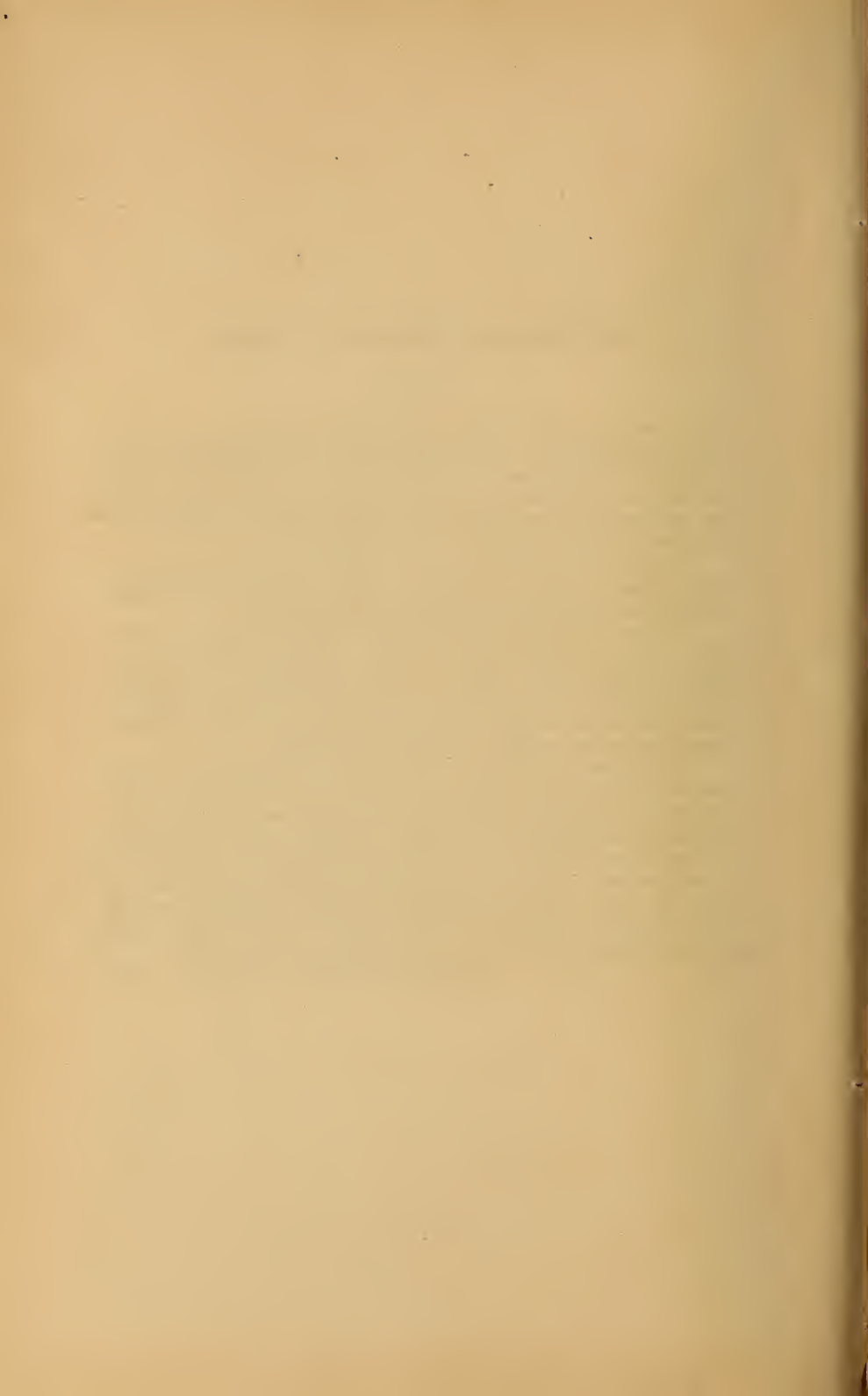
"It is not thy death, noble Ursel," said the Emperor, in a voice somewhat disguised. "Life, liberty, whatever the world has to give, is placed by the Emperor Alexius at the feet of his noble enemy, and he trusts that many years of happiness and power, together with the command of a large share of the empire, will soon obliterate the recollection of the dungeons of the Blacquernal."

"It cannot be," said Ursel, with a sigh. He upon whose eyes the sun has set even at middle day, can have nothing left to hope from the most advantageous change of circumstances."

"You are not entirely assured of that," said the emperor; "allow us to convince you that what is intended towards you is truly favourable and liberal, and I hope you will be rewarded by finding that there is more possibility of amendment in your case, than your first apprehensions are willing to receive. Make an effort, and try whether your eyes are not sensible of the light of the lamp."

"Do with me," said Ursel, "according to your pleasure; I have neither strength to remonstrate, nor the force of mind equal to make me set your cruelty at defiance. Of something like light I am sensible; but whether it is reality or illusion, I cannot determine. If you are come to deliver me from this living sepulchre, I pray God to requite you; and if, under such deceitful pretence, you mean to take my life, I can only commend my soul to Heaven, and the vengeance due to my death to Him who can behold the darkest places in which injustice can shroud itself."

Count Robert of Paris, Vol. xlviii. p. 108.







De Walton's attack on Turnbull.

Castle Dangerous, Vol. 48, p. 83.

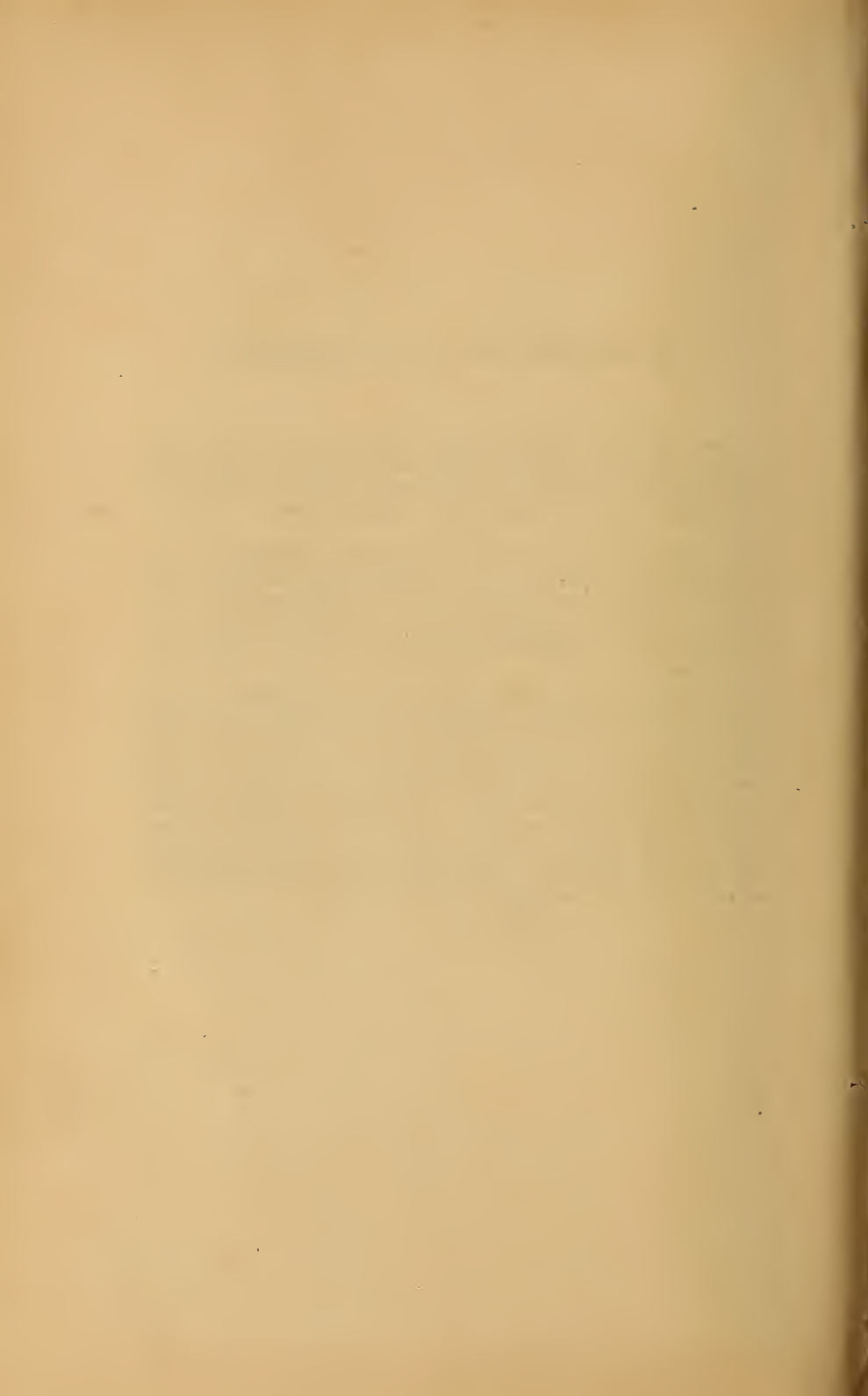
London, Charles Tilt 86, Fleet Street.

DE WALTON'S ATTACK ON TURNBULL.

"I am not, then," said Turnbull, "received as a friendly messenger? Farewell, and think of this lady as being in any hands but those which are safe, while you make up at leisure your mind upon the message I have brought you. Come, madam, we must be gone."

So saying, he seized upon the lady's hand, and pulled her, as if to force her to withdraw. The lady had stood motionless, and almost senseless, while these speeches were exchanged between the warriors; but when she felt the grasp of Michael Turnbull, she exclaimed, like one almost beside herself with fear—"Help me, De Walton!"

The knight, stung to instant rage, assaulted the forester with the utmost fury, and dealt him with his long sword, almost at unawares, two or three heavy blows, by which he was so wounded that he sunk backwards in the thicket, and De Walton was about to despatch him, when he was prevented by the anxious cry of the lady—"Alas! De Walton, what have you done? This man was only an ambassador, and should have passed free from injury, while he confined himself to the delivery of what he was charged with; and if thou hast slain him, who knows how frightful may prove the vengeance exacted!"—*Castle Dangerous*, Vol. xlviii. p. 84.







Parting of Middlemas and Menie Gray.

The Surgeon's Daughter. Tol. 48 p. 260.

London: The Art. 111, 31 Fleet Street.

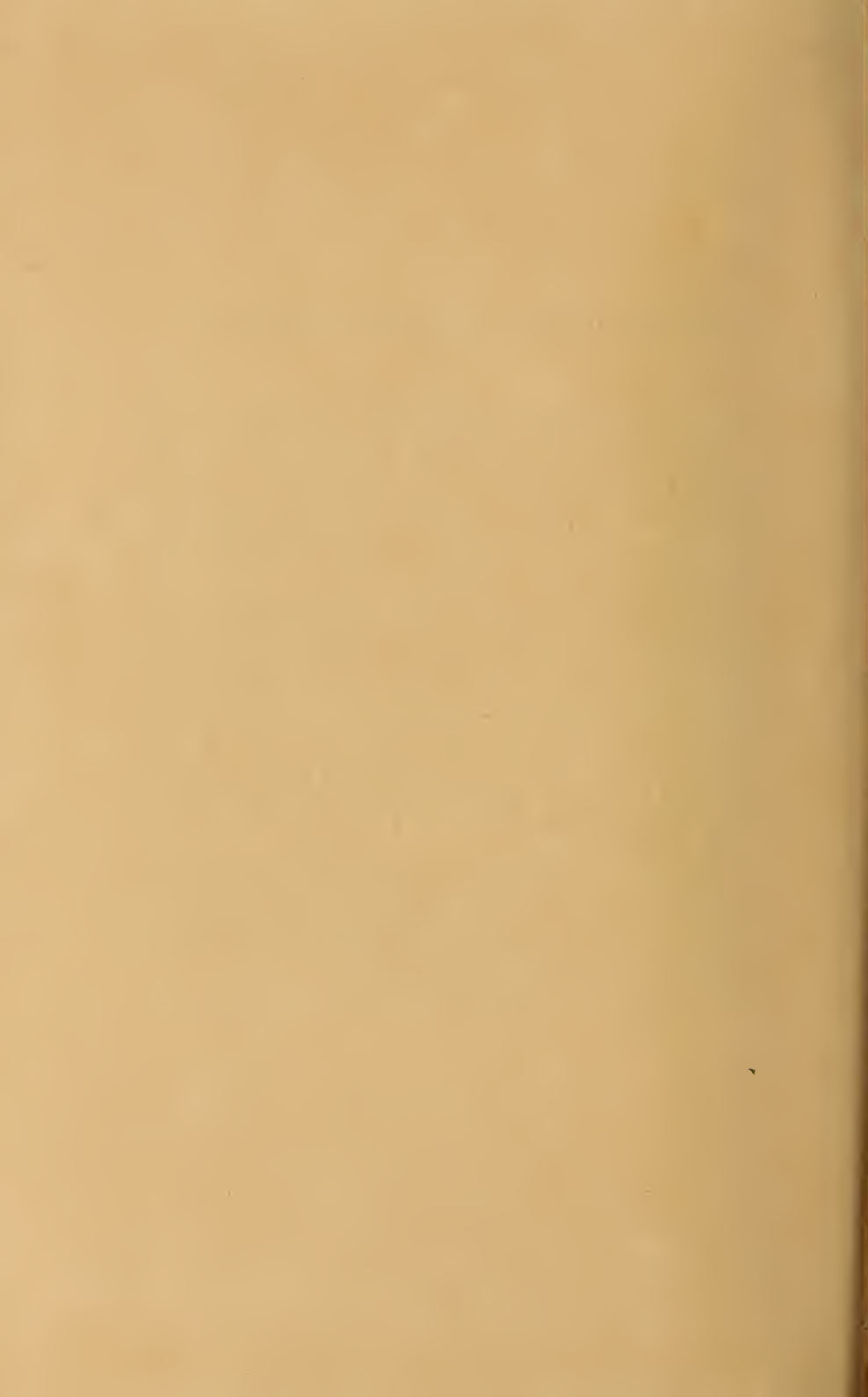
PARTING OF MIDDLEMAS AND MENIE GRAY.

THE parting of Middlemas with poor Menie was yet more affecting. Her sorrow revived in his mind all the liveliness of a first love; and he redeemed his character for sincere attachment, by not only imploring an instant union, but even going so far as to propose renouncing his more splendid prospects, and sharing Mr. Gray's humble toil, if by doing so he could secure his daughter's hand. But though there was consolation in this testimony of her lover's faith, Menie Gray was not so unwise as to accept of sacrifices which might afterwards have been repented of.

"No, Richard," she said, "it seldom ends happily when people alter, in a moment of agitated feeling, plans which have been adopted under mature deliberation. I have long seen that your views were extended far beyond so humble a station as this place affords promise of. It is natural they should do so, considering that the circumstances of your birth seem connected with riches and with rank. Go, then, seek that riches and rank. It is possible your mind may be changed in the pursuit; and if so, think no more about Menie Gray. But, if it should be otherwise, we may meet again, and do not believe for a moment that there can be a change in Menie Gray's feelings towards you."

At this interview, much more was said than it is necessary to repeat, much more thought than was actually said. Nurse Jamieson, in whose chamber it took place, folded her *bairns*, as she called them, in her arms, and declared that Heaven had made them for each other, and that she would not ask of Heaven to live beyond the day when she should see them bridegroom and bride.

The Surgeon's Daughter, Vol. xlviii. p. 280.







Clara administering water to the dying Marmion.

Marmion, canto 6.

London, Charles Tilt, 55, Fleet Street.

CLARA ADMINISTERING WATER TO THE
DYING MARMION.

“ Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!”

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron’s casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran :

Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.

She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
But in abhorrence backward drew ;
For, oozing from the mountain’s side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.

Above some half-worn letters say,

DRINK . WEARY . PILGRIM . DRINK . AND . PRAY .

FOR . THE . KIND . SOUL . OF . SYBIL . GREY .

WHO . BUILT . THIS . CROSS . AND . WELL .

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied

A monk supporting Marmion’s head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Marmion, Canto vi.







Death of Wilfred.

Engraved by G. S. S.

Printed by J. W. T. & Co. 10, Fleet Street.

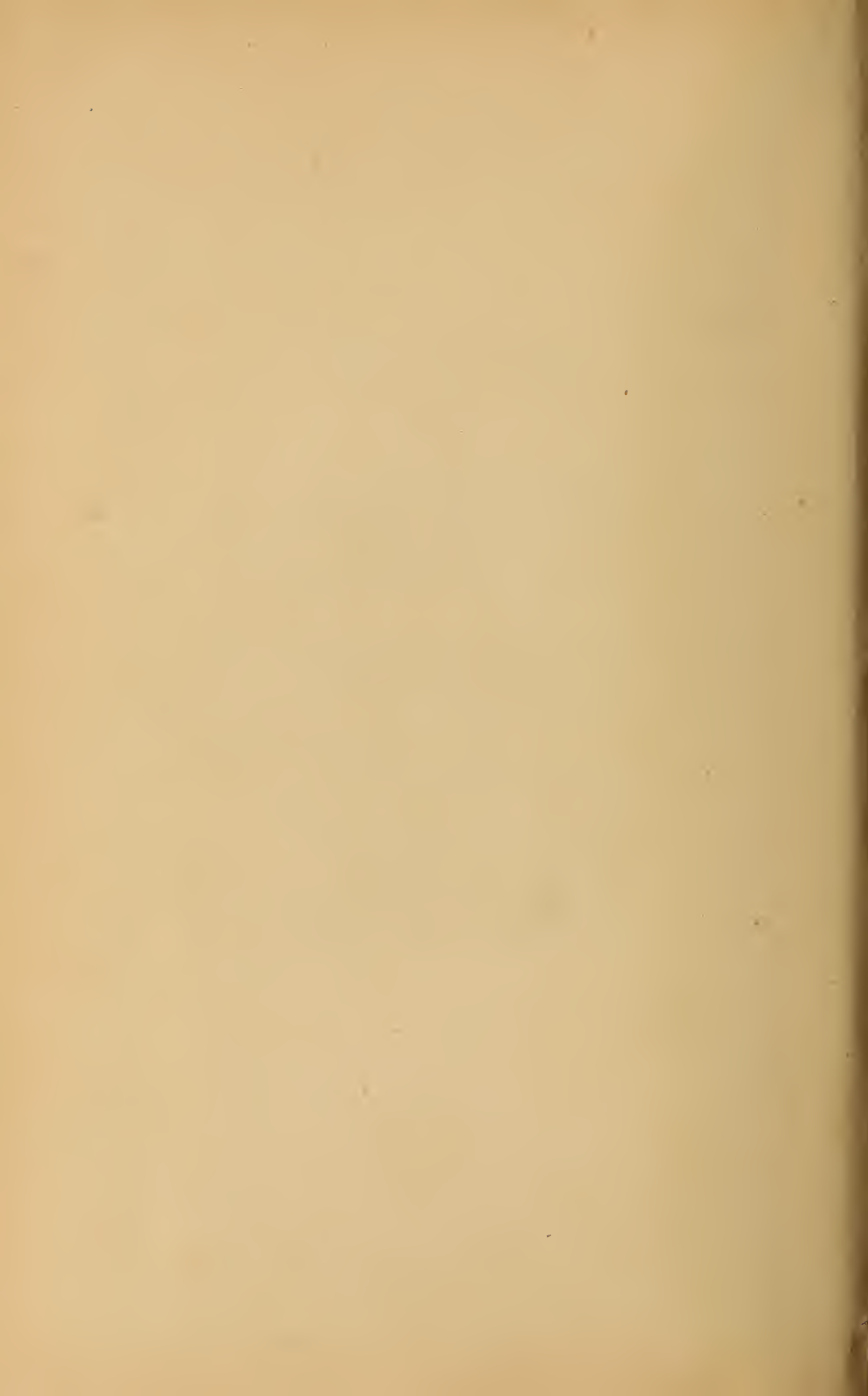
DEATH OF WILFRID.

AND now was seen unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold dight !
Where once the priest, of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign,
There stood the block displayed, and there
The headsman grim his hatchet bare.

* * * * *

His feeble frame was worn so low,
With wounds, with watching, and with woe,
That nature could no more sustain
The agony of mental pain.
He kneeled—his lip her hand had pressed,—
Just then he felt the stern arrest ;
Lower and lower sunk his head,—
They raised him, but the life was fled !
Then first alarmed, his sire and train
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world, the meed
To blameless life by heaven decreed.

Rokeby, canto vi.







*Lord Lindsay requiring Mary to abdicate
the throne of Scotland.*

Tales of a Grandfather. 1.st Series

LORD LINDSAY REQUIRING MARY TO ABDICATE THE THRONE OF SCOTLAND.

MARY reaped the full consequences of Bothwell's guilt, and of her own infatuated attachment to him. She was imprisoned in a rude and inconvenient tower, (Lochleven Castle), on a small islet, where there was scarce room to walk fifty yards; and not even the intercession of Queen Elizabeth, who seems for the time to have been alarmed at the successful insurrection of subjects against their sovereign, could procure any mitigation of her captivity. There was a proposal to proceed against the Queen as an accomplice in Darnley's murder, and to take her life under that pretence. But the Lords of the Secret Council resolved to adopt somewhat of a gentler course, by compelling Mary to surrender her crown to her son, then an infant, and to make the Earl of Murray regent, during the child's minority. Deeds to this purpose were drawn up, and sent to the Castle of Lochleven, to be signed by the Queen. Lord Lindsay, the rudest, most bigoted, and fiercest of the confederated Lords, was deputed to enforce Mary's compliance with the commands of the Council. He behaved with such peremptory brutality as had perhaps been expected, and was so unmanly as to pinch with his iron glove the arm of the poor Queen, to compel her to subscribe the deeds.—*Tales of a Grandfather, 1st Series, Vol. iii. p. 186.*







Charles 1.st rescued from Holdenby.

Notes of a Grandfather, 2nd Series.

London Charles Fry 36 Essex Street.

CHARLES I. RESCUED FROM HOLDENBY.

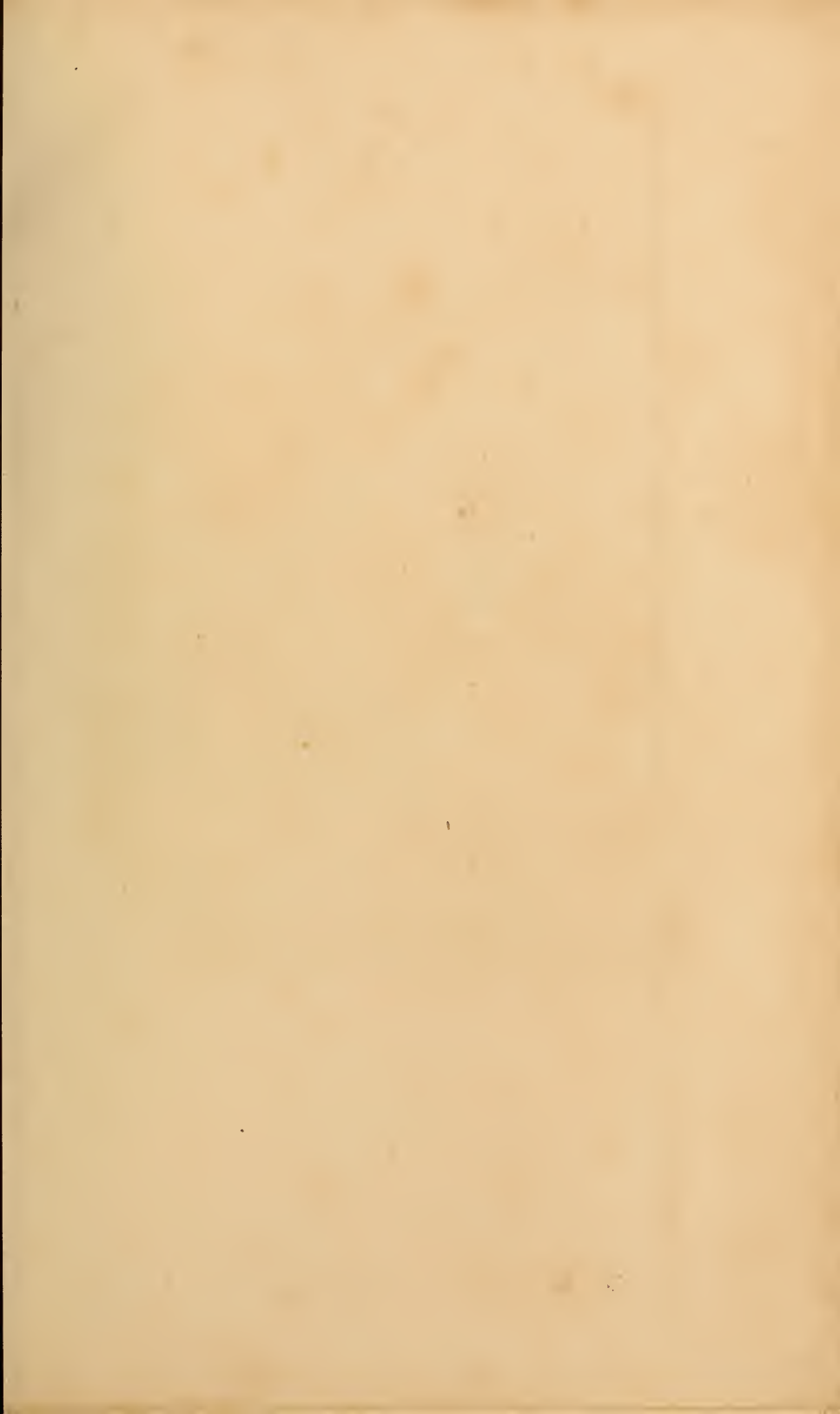
THE Commissioners of Parliament possessed of Charles, conducted him as a state prisoner to Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, which had been assigned as his temporary residence; but from which a power different from theirs was soon about to withdraw him.

The Independents, highly resented as a tyranny over their consciences the establishment of Presbytery, however temporary, or however mitigated, in the form of a national church; and were no less displeased, that the army, whose ranks were chiefly filled with these military saints, as they called themselves, who were principally of the Independent persuasion, was, in the event of peace, which seemed close at hand, threatened either to be sent to Ireland, or disbanded. The discontent among the English soldiery became general; they saw that the use made of the victories, which their valour had mainly contributed to gain, would be to reduce and disarm them, and send out of the kingdom such regiments as might be suffered to retain their arms and military character. And besides the loss of pay, profession, and importance, the sectaries had every reason to apprehend the imposition of the Presbyterian yoke, as they termed the discipline of that church.

These mutinous dispositions were secretly encouraged by Cromwell, Ireton, and Fleetwood, officers of high rank and influence, to whom the Parliament had entrusted the charge of pacifying them. At length the army assumed the ominous appearance of a separate body in the state, whose affairs were managed by a council of superior officers, with assistance from a committee of persons, called Agitators, being two privates chosen from each company. These bold and unscrupulous men determined to gain possession of the person of the King, and to withdraw him from the power of the Parliament.

In pursuance of this resolution, Joice, originally a tailor, now a cornet, and a furious advocate for the cause of the army, on 4th June 1647, appeared suddenly at midnight before Holdenby House. The troops employed by the Commissioners to guard the King's person, being infected, it may be supposed, with the general feeling of the army, offered no resistance. Joice, with little ceremony, intruded himself, armed with his pistols, into the King's sleeping apartment, and informed his Majesty that he must please to attend him. "Where is your commission?" said the unfortunate King. "Yonder it is," answered the rude soldier, pointing to his troop of horse, which by the early dawning, was seen drawn up in the courtyard of the place.—"It is written in legible characters," replied Charles; and without further remonstrance, he prepared to attend the escort.—*Tales of a Grandfather*, 2d Series, Vol. ii. p. 4.







The Pretender recognized by the Highlanders

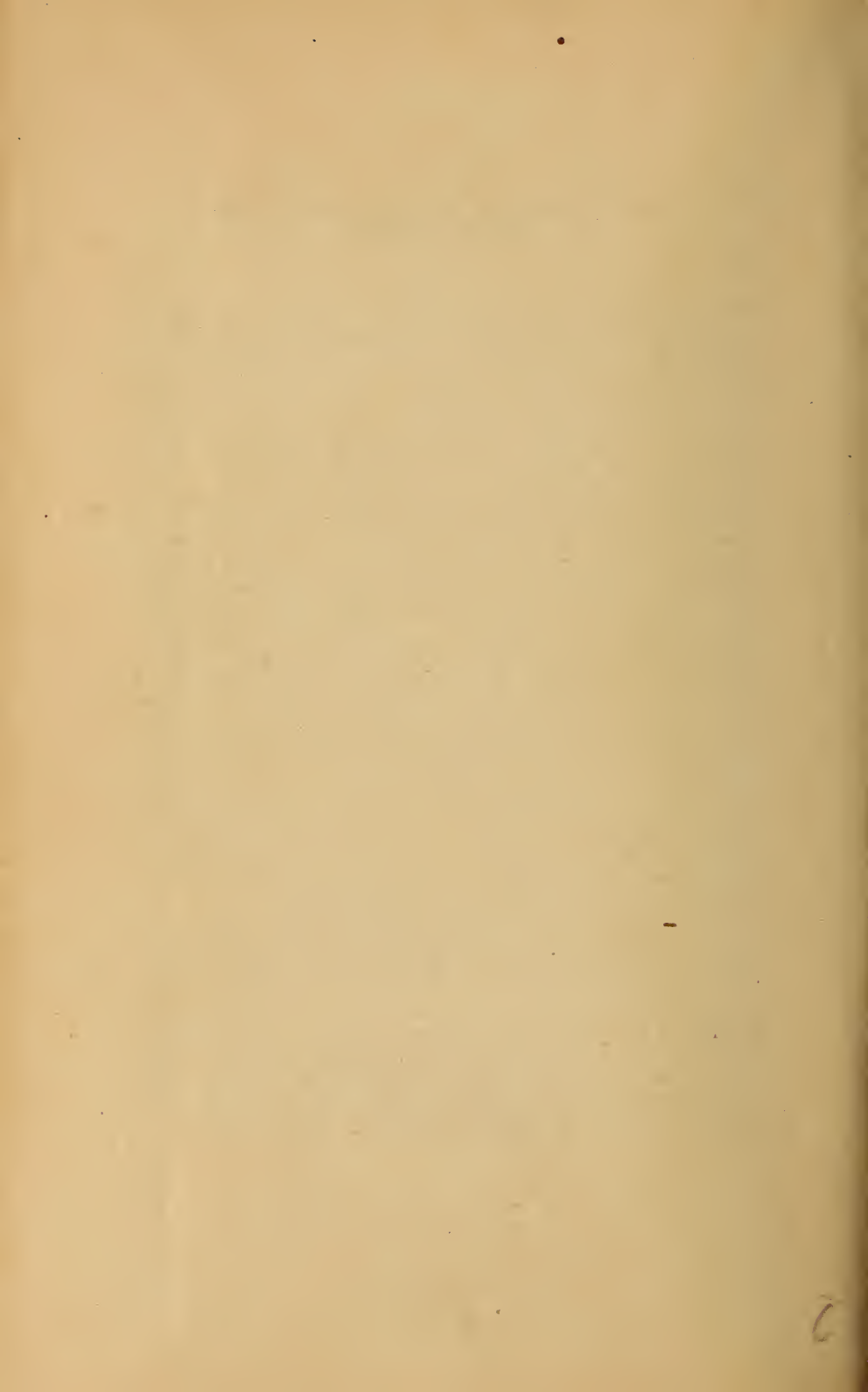
Edinburgh Grandfather, 37 Series.

London: Charles Tilt, 86 Fleet Street.

THE PRETENDER RECOGNIZED BY THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE unfortunate Prince, upheld only by the hope of hearing of a French vessel on the coast, at length reached the mountains of Strathglass, and with Glenaladale, who was then in attendance upon him, was compelled to seek refuge in a cavern where seven robbers had taken up their abode—(by robbers you are not in the present case to understand thieves, but rather outlaws, who dared not show themselves, on account of their accession to the rebellion)—and lived upon such sheep and cattle as fell into their hands. These men readily afforded refuge to the Wanderer, and, recognizing the Prince, for whom they had repeatedly ventured their lives, in the miserable suppliant before them, they vowed unalterable devotion to his cause. Among the flower of obedient and attached subjects, never did a Prince receive more ready, faithful, and effectual assistance, than he did from those who were foes to the world and its laws. Desirous of rendering him all the assistance in their power, the hardy freebooters undertook to procure him a change of dress, clean linen, refreshments, and intelligence. They proceeded in a manner which exhibited a mingled character of ferocity and simplicity. Two of the gang way-laid and killed the servant of an officer, who was going to Fort Augustus with his master's baggage. The portmanteau which he carried fell into the robbers' hands, and supplied the articles of dress which they wanted for the Chevalier's use. One of them, suitably disguised, ventured into Fort Augustus, and obtained valuable information concerning the movements of the troops: and desirous to fulfil his purpose in every particular, he brought back, in the singleness of his heart, as a choice regale to the unhappy Prince, a pennyworth of gingerbread!

With these men Charles Edward remained for about three weeks, and it was with the utmost difficulty they would permit him to leave them. "Stay with us," said the generous robbers; "the mountains of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death."—*Tales of a Grandfather, third Series*, Vol. iii. p. 291.







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